HARPER'S WEEKLY

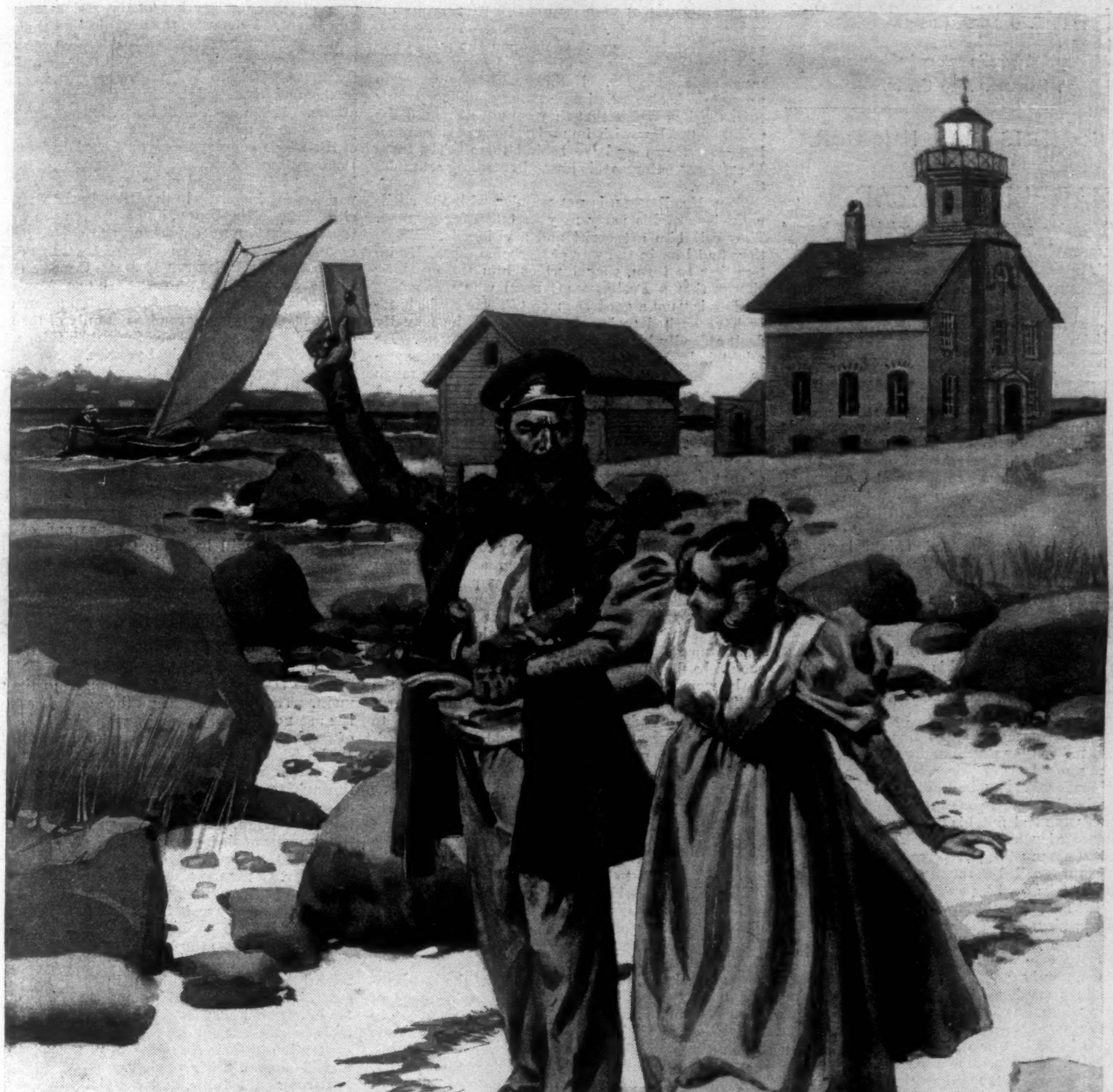
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

459 Meechem Floyd R
Willmot St

Vol. XXXVII.—No. 1929.
Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1893.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



"WITH ONE HAND HE SNATCHED THE LETTER, AND WITH THE OTHER HE GRABBED HER SAVAGELY."

Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See "CAPTAIN LATTAMORE," Page 1175.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
(Twenty-four Pages.)
Published
New York City, December 9, 1893.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER
OF
HARPER'S WEEKLY

will be published December 13th. Short Stories by Brander Matthews, Richard Harding Davis, Eva Wilder McGlasson, John Kendrick Bangs, *and* W. J. Henderson.

Illustrations by W. T. Smedley, C. S. Reinhart, A. B. Frost, F. S. Church, Charles Broughton, *and* Guy Rose.

A double-page picture in colors by Howard Pyle.

32 Pages. . . 10 Cents.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER
OF
HARPER'S BAZAR,

issued December 16th, with a Special Supplement and a Decorated Cover, will possess numerous beautiful holiday features, including, among authors, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Marion Harland, *and* Eva Wilder McGlasson; *among artists,* Frost, Reinhart, Remington, *and* Macdonald.

REFORM IN THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

The Postmaster-General, Mr. Bissell, says, in his annual report, that he has long been a believer in the beneficence of the civil service law, and that eight months of practical experience at the head of his department have strongly confirmed his belief. He adds that, in his opinion, it would be impossible to conduct the operations of the department efficiently without the benefit and protection of this law. Mr. Bissell evidently speaks from conviction, and it is no more than common justice to say that his acts are in accord with his professions. We say this with all the greater pleasure as he has recently taken a step calculated in a great measure to make good what some time ago we had occasion severely to criticise as a grievous sin of omission on his part. We refer to the fact that, as Mr. Wanamaker had permitted the railway mail service to be stocked with Republicans just before it passed under the civil service rules, so Mr. Bissell had appeared to permit a number of post-offices, just before they passed under the civil service rules, to be stocked with Democrats; and we remarked that, since Mr. Bissell had professed to favor the reform of the civil service on sound principles, which Mr. Wanamaker had not, his delinquency was morally the more grievous of the two. In simple justice to Mr. Bissell it must be put on record that he, when his attention was called to the matter, not only put a stop to the tricks used by some of the postmasters "to beat the law," but that he has actually punished the most conspicuous of them, the postmaster of Topeka, Kansas, by removing him from office.

The Topeka case was a representative one. The postmaster not only discharged, with one exception, all Republican employés in his office who were removable by him, but he induced the Postmaster-General to remove the letter-carriers too by reporting them as inefficient or otherwise unfit to remain in the service. At the same time he told the discharged letter-carriers themselves that there was nothing against them except that they did not belong to the party in power. He no doubt believed he could do such things without danger of being held to account, because he had been appointed at the request of one of the United States Senators from Kansas, Mr. Martin, and was under his special protection. This delusion was rudely dispelled by Mr. Bissell, who, when the facts were sufficiently ascertained, resolved upon removing the offender, and we are told that the removal was delayed only by the difficulty of finding just the right man for the place.

In his office at Washington Mr. Bissell has observed not only the letter but the spirit of the civil service law with honest fidelity. There have been no removals of meritorious division chiefs to make room for party workers or the henchmen of party leaders; there have been no gradings up and down of clerks for the purpose of favoring one party or locality at the expense of another. On the contrary, Mr. Bissell has promoted Republicans just as well as Democrats when their individual merit deserved or the interest of the service demanded it. He has also manfully withstood the pressure brought to bear upon him by Democratic Senators and Representatives urging him to agree to the reinstatement of all the Democratic clerks of the railway mail service who had been removed at the beginning of Mr. Harrison's administration. He has stoutly resisted other mischievous schemes. But of all the good things he has done, or tried to do, not one will have so beneficial an effect as the removal from a post-office of "a Senator's man" who had committed no other offence than to circumvent the civil service law and to tell an untruth about Republican hold-overs for the purpose of securing the offices to Democrats.

There are two things which the ordinary partisan place-holder is very much disinclined to believe—that his superior in office honestly and seriously means to enforce the principles of the civil service law, and that in order to do so he will have the courage to encounter the displeasure of so mighty a potentate as a United States Senator. By beating this belief into the heads of his subordinates Mr. Bissell not only confers a great boon upon the public service, but, as he will soon discover, he saves himself much serious trouble. Nothing will be more apt to promote a healthy discipline among public servants than the knowledge that they cannot disregard the spirit of the law with impunity, however strong an influence they may have behind them. The more Mr. Bissell enforces this lesson by striking examples the better.

That Mr. Bissell is not popular with the spoils politicians of his party may be taken for granted. They call him a theorist and a visionary. When they find him in the way of a scheme especially interesting to them, they hurl at him the crushing charge that a Postmaster-General who will act as he does is "not a good Democrat." He could hardly have excited their wrath more had he actually dealt a deadly blow to the whole spoils system. He might, indeed, have dealt such a blow without exposing himself to greater animosity. It is very much to be regretted that he did not do so when he had the opportunity. Here is one of the cases in which a little more boldness of conception, a little more energy and thoroughness of action, would have made a man a hero and his work enduring, while the lack of that little more threatens to leave him among the large crowd of those who mean well and do good service in their time, but create nothing that will live when they have passed away.

Mr. Bissell had the opportunity to put a stop to the quadrennial scandal and disgrace of sweeping partisan changes in the fourth-class post-offices by simply establishing the rule that no postmaster should be removed unless the business interest of the service required his removal, and that in making appointments the business interest of the service should be the supreme consideration. Had he done so, he would have had the instant applause and the lasting gratitude of good citizens all over the country. No subsequent administration would have dared to reverse this great reform. It would have endured, and made his name immortal in the history of the republic. It is with the melancholy appreciation of a great opportunity lost that we read in Mr. Bissell's report only of a rule established by him, that fourth-class postmasters shall not be removed before the expiration of four years of incumbency unless for cause shown, a rule which Mr. Bissell thinks will have a tendency to dignify the office by placing it on a par with Presidential offices as to tenure.

That this rule may prevent the grossest indecencies of a hasty "clean sweep" is true. But, aside from this, its effects are only mischievous. As all the fourth-class postmasters will have been four years in office before the expiration of the Presidential term, they will then all have been changed in the partisan sense. It will have been a clean sweep slowly executed, but a clean sweep for all that. With the next change of party in power another clean sweep will respond to this as a matter of course, and Mr. Bissell's four years' rule is too unessential an improvement to be regarded as of commanding importance, and to last. He will leave the old evil undiminished behind. But more than that. Nothing in our history has had a more deleterious effect upon our public service than the four years' tenure law. All civil service reformers are agreed, and they have expressed this conviction again and again, that the public interest imperatively demands its repeal. And now Mr. Bissell practically extends the principle of that iniquitous law to sixty thousand offices to which the law itself does not apply. And the rule he has laid down, if accepted as a proper one, will seriously stand in the way of every reformatory legislation touching the fourth-class post-offices. This is reform backward. While most heartily acknowledging all the good he is doing, and crediting him with the best of intentions and purposes, we cannot but deeply regret that so honest and so brave a man, in so powerful a position, should have missed his way in a matter of such decisive importance.

REORGANIZATION AND ITS ENEMIES.

Since the election the sentiment in favor of reorganizing the Democratic party in this State has grown stronger. Time has not worn out the indignation of the voters nor the purpose of the projectors of the various movements for party reform. New organizations continue to spring up. Many of them, no doubt, will be temporary, while some of them are led by professional spoilsmen and "strikers" who have been in a minority in Croker's "Hall," and who would force themselves into his inner circle. These will be bought off, will be taken in and cared for, or will die. Their leaders have no place in a reorganized Democracy, and they will pass with Croker only at their true value, which, perhaps, the present crisis has enhanced.

The one movement which attracts attention is that whose address was published in the daily press last week. The right spirit breathes through that address, and the names signed to it are a guarantee not only of the character but of the seriousness of the movement. Primarily, the organization thus begun is a city organization, but its intention is declared to be to form a basis for a general reorganization for the State. It is to be partisan, and is intended to further and advance Democratic principles in national affairs. It is not only of State, but, as the address points out, of national importance, for the Democrats of the whole country are accustomed to look to the Democrats of New York for leadership. It is also important to all good citizens, for if it succeeds it will destroy boss rule in the Democratic party of the chief State in the Union, and will give the voters of the organization an opportunity to choose their best men for leaders. The names of Charles S. Fairchild, Abram S. Hewitt, Edward Cooper, Oswald Ottendorfer, and Frederick R. Coudert, among hundreds of others almost as well known and as much respected, give promise not only of the success of the movement, but hope for better things in national, State, and municipal politics.

The struggle on which these Democrats have entered will be long and difficult. It will be a struggle of the majority of the voters of the party, of men whose political activity is unselfish, against a cunning and unscrupulous minority, who are in politics for "what there is in it" for them. It will be a fight of those who are on the outside, whose organization is new, many of whose leaders are untried, but in whom honesty, sincerity, and general capacity will compensate for lack of experience and of special training. It will be against an intrenched but a badly beaten and demoralized foe, a large number of whose Hessians are ready to desert whenever they can see an opportunity to better themselves. On the surface the undertaking in which these patriotic Democrats have enlisted is promising. If ever a time was propitious for the overthrow of the bosses it would seem to be the present.

There is, however, a hidden danger to the movement. The open bosses and the avowed corruptionists are not the only enemies with whom the friends of good government and true democracy must contend. Those who have taken the initiative in this movement, and who are familiar with the people through the State on whom they must depend for co-operation, know the imminence of the danger of their seduction. There are men standing high in the councils of their party who are greatly misunderstood by the honest people of both parties. Ever since Mr. Cleveland's appearance as a dominant personality these men have been counted as his friends. They have, it is true, been friendly to his advancement. They have managed and carried primaries and conventions in his behalf. They have been conspicuous in securing his nominations. They have been controlling forces in the conduct of the campaigns for his elections, and they have obtained honors from his successes out of all proportion to their deserts, but not disproportionate to the public's conception of their character, or of the sincerity and unselfishness of their services.

Through the State, and especially in those rural parts of the State where the existing remnant of the old Tilden strength is powerful, these men are regarded as the enemies of the existing machine, and as quite as determined and honorable foes of corrupt government as Mr. Fairchild or any other leader of the anti-snapper movement. They are even decorated with the dislike of many of the local machine leaders and captains.

This reputation of theirs is undeserved. They are not entitled to the confidence of the anti-machine Democrats, nor have they really earned the distrust of the machine. Indeed, they have done more than Hill or Murphy or Sheehan or Croker to intrench the machine in power. If it had not been for their treachery long before snappers or anti-snappers were known, it is more than probable that the Democratic State Committee would not have been in Hill's control in 1892, that the Convention of the 22d of February would not have been called, and that Hill's name would not have been seriously mentioned at the Chicago Convention. The movement that culminated in the Syracuse Convention was really begun long before the Presidential year. If it had been successful, Mr. FLOWER would not now be Governor of New York. They who were engaged in that movement had reason to believe that they would succeed, for then as now the majority of the Democratic voters of the State were with them. That they were not successful was due to the machinations of the men to whom we now refer. They went and sent to the counties and towns on which the opponents of HILL and his associates depended, and they sapped the strength of the reformers. Employing the reputations and the leadership they had acquired in previous CLEVELAND campaigns, they influenced the local politicians to acquiesce in the continued dominance of the machine bosses. Suddenly, and almost without warning, the honest Democrats, who thought they were about to gain control of the Democratic organization, found themselves without their expected and needed support.

These men are with CROKER and MURPHY now as they were then. No one who understands them and their methods doubts that treachery is afoot. The effort to kill the reorganization of the Democratic party has already begun. The plan will be again to prevent an alliance between the sincere and earnest Democrats of the city and those who should naturally be their allies in the country. It will succeed now as it did before if the reorganizers of the New York State Democracy are not both wary and bold.

The way seems open to reform of both parties. In the Democratic party the work has already begun, not only in New York but in Brooklyn. But here, as on other fields where men contend for supremacy, the open enemy is not the most dangerous. Treachery waits in its ambuscades, but treachery is powerless if its lair is known. The reorganizers must pull out to the light of day the enemy that lurks by the way-side. The men who are to be most feared pose as Mr. CLEVELAND'S friends before the public, but do their plotting in CROKER'S closet. If they are to be defeated their masks must be torn off, and they must be compelled to confess the degrading alliance which they have voluntarily chosen.

THE VOTERS AND THE SENATE.

DOES it ever occur to the critics of the United States Senate that it is the voters who need to be criticised, and that the way to reform the Senate is to change the Senators? When we get a poor Governor, we do not propose to abolish the office of Governor, but to elect a better man. During the special session the Senate accumulated upon itself a good deal of popular contempt on account of its paralysis of action. And people said the body must be struck with dry-rot, or it could not be brought into this contempt on account of its boneless condition by the efforts of an insignificant minority. Thereupon arose a great deal of unthinking denunciation of the Senate as an element in our form of government, and threats were made of sweeping it away, or of popularizing it. It only needs a sober thought to recognize the foolishness of this talk. The Senate is the feature in our system which distinguishes our government from all others, and represents the element—namely, the State element—which has enabled us to expand territorially to such great proportions with the least danger of disintegration, and has saved us from the majority tyranny of a democratic centralization. If our Senate, just as it is representatively, is a mistake, our whole experiment is a mistake, and the degradation of the Senate would be the signal for a radical revolution in our form, the sweep of which no man can calculate. It may be admitted that the members of the Senate, by sitting so long in a helpless condition, and looking admiringly on their own "courtesy," did more to undermine the popular respect for this essential element in our system than any outsiders could do. But the members of the Senate are not the institution itself. The institution does not need reform. If the Senators do not represent their States, or if they represent them unintelligently, or if they are incapable of performing the functions of Senators, they cannot be relieved of individual responsibility by sheltering themselves under the character of a body which their inaction or incapacity robs of its legitimate force and function in our government. If any reform is needed, it is in the men, not the institution. And this is in the hands of the voters. Are seats in the Senate bought? Well, who sells them? Let us distribute the responsibility where it belongs.

HENRY BERGH'S LEGACY.

THE great popularity of horse shows in New York would seem to indicate a very genuine interest in and fondness for the most useful animal ever conquered and trained to the use of man. But in the newspapers and other publications we are told repeatedly that the horses on exhibition are not the chief attraction by any means. On the contrary, we are assured that the people gather to see one another, and that only a very small minority care anything whatever about the horses. This view we believe to be the result of very superficial observation. If we had had horse shows twenty years ago, and they had attracted multitudes of visitors, it is very likely that some such view as this might have been reasonably maintained. Then the people in New York were not particularly fond of horses, and very few indeed had any knowledge of them. The horses to be seen in the city streets were not of a high class, and the stages and street cars were drawn by as sorry nags as ever lifted leg. They were of the class known in the country as "crow bait," and it was a pitiful sight to see them limping and hobbling over the badly paved streets drawing loads all too heavy. Such sights are not to be seen in New York nowadays, indeed they would not be permitted, even if any one wished to use sick and crippled horses. It is interesting to recall the cause of this revolution, and only proper now and again to pay a tribute of gratitude to the man who brought it about.

The owners and users of horses in New York did not give up the poorer for the better animals of their own volition; indeed, in the beginning of the crusade against overworking dumb beasts they protested with desperate vigor. But this was only in the beginning. The late Mr. HENRY BERGH, founder of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was both earnest and energetic. He did not escape the accusation of madness, made by those who could not comprehend disinterested zeal. But Mr. BERGH never suffered himself to get discouraged. He went ahead with his work, compelling owners to stop working disabled horses, and securing the arrest and punishment of those who persisted in disregarding the law which he managed to have enacted by the Legislature. To have a crippled horse removed from a street car miles from the car-stables became a serious thing for the street-car companies, as every time it was done there was a more or less serious blockade of traffic. But Mr. BERGH and his officers were always obdurate, and the companies were obliged to submit. Some of the companies, to prevent these blockades, began replacing the sorry and spavined beasts with horses of a better class. And just then was when the managers learned a lesson, the enforcement of which has resulted in New York's having the best horses to be found in any great city of the world. The managers of the street-car companies found that it paid to use good horses instead of bad. Better time could be made, the horses lasted longer, there was less sickness in the stables, and the horse account on the books showed very much better than formerly. Other users of horses were not slow to take advantage of the experience of the street-car companies, and that good horses are more profitable than poor became a well-established fact.

Very much of this we owe to the late HENRY BERGH, who in the beginning probably had little notion of the great effect that would be produced by his kindly movement in protection of those toilers and dumb animals who could not protest for themselves. His legacy to New York was great, and it will grow greater with the years that pass, for we are all the while better satisfied to believe that a poor horse is worse than no horse at all. With the utilization of the various artificial motive powers and their application to street traffic and other operations, the patient horse is being more and more released from wearing burdens. It may be that in a not distant future the horse will be only used for pleasure. Even if that be so, Mr. BERGH'S lesson will not have lost its influence, for he taught us, as we were never taught before, to appreciate, to know, and to love the horse. Fixed in our regard and affection, we will continue to cherish the horse and cultivate him for his beauty and his worth, and never even for a moment agree that the superficial observers who have been telling us about the horse shows had any head above their eyes.

THE SPEEDWAY AND THE PEOPLE.

AT the instance of Mr. PAUL DANA, of the Park Commission, Comptroller MYERS has withheld his assent to the issue of bonds which is necessary to begin the construction of the new speedway along the Harlem River. This is laudable action on the part of the Commissioner, and "wise cunctation" on the part of the Comptroller. It operates as a stay of proceedings, and gives time for the formation of an enlightened public opinion upon the subject. Deliberation is all that is necessary to decide the question rightly and in the public interest.

The question is a sequel to the memorable conflict of 1891 over the establishment of a speedway in the Central Park. In this case, as in that, the men who seek to override the public interest in their own private interest have no chance of succeeding except by committing the city to their project before the public can understand what it involves. The necessity for a speedway being clear, and the inviolability of Central Park having been made clear, Mayor GILROY proposed that the speedway should be laid out along the west bank of the Harlem River, from McComb's Dam Bridge northward. It was a very happy thought, and an excellent solution of the problem presented. The line chosen was under a steep and rocky bluff, which made it certain that no cross streets would ever be laid out or needed, and where a nearly straight and level course could be arranged. But the route thus chosen lies along one of the most romantic and picturesque reaches of river that are to be found, even about this favored island, and one of the very few that are unencumbered by railroad tracks. It crosses two public parks, those of High Bridge and Washington Bridge, which will become very useful as the region is built up and populated.

It is also along this reach that the rowing regattas take place, and the shore is at once the most eligible quarter for the boat-houses and the best coign of vantage from which to view the races. All considerations pointed to and demanded a parklike treatment of the property acquired, under the direction of a landscape architect, whereby, without the least detriment to the primary purpose of the acquisition of a speedway, the strip might be made to serve the purpose of a promenade along the river, and thus become a chief ornament of the city. These considerations might be expected to appeal with especial force to the Park Commissioners, but Mr. DANA is the only commissioner to whom they have in fact appealed. His colleagues have adopted over his protest a plan, prepared by an engineer, that not only leaves entirely out of view the æsthetic possibilities of the project, but that actually cuts off the public from any access to the shore by establishing but one sidewalk along the speedway, and that upon the landward side. Execution of the scheme adopted would not only go far to destroy the public usefulness of the improvement, but it would violate the right already vested in the public of access to the shores of the two parks which the speedway traverses. As Commissioner DANA'S colleagues were insensible to his remonstrances and to the unanimous protest of the press, he had no choice as a public-spirited citizen and as a truthful official but to appeal to the Comptroller to arrest the execution of what would be an outrage on the public. It is to be expected that the incoming Comptroller, Mr. FITCH, will adopt Mr. MYERS'S position, and that the outrage will be arrested. In that case this will not be the first or the second public service Mr. DANA will have rendered as a Park Commissioner, but only a renewal of the claim he has already established as a trustworthy representative of public interests in the Park Board.

PROFESSOR GARNER'S RETURN.

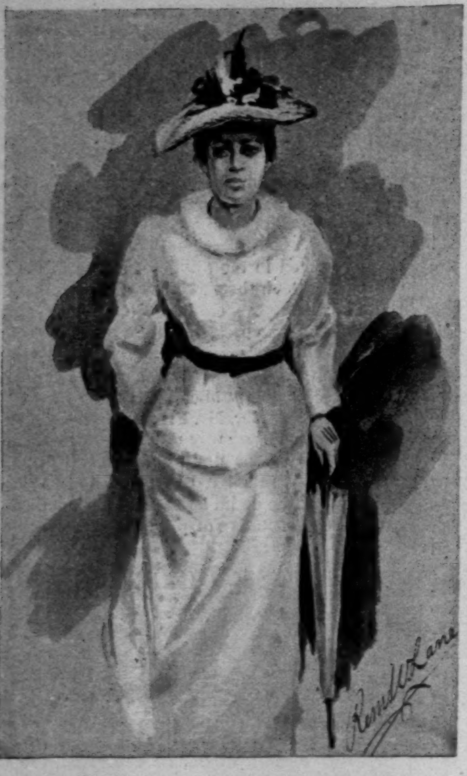
OUR readers have not, we trust, forgotten Professor GARNER, who, a few months ago, went to Africa to see and converse with the monkeys, which are so numerous there. It will be remembered, too, perhaps, that the Professor had picked up a fair working knowledge of their language from the monkeys which are in the show business in this country; but he felt that he needed to pass some time with them in their native land, where, he conceived, the language was spoken in greater purity. He strongly suspected that in the dialect of the show-monkeys many words from the giraffe, kangaroo, and zebra had crept in. He also suspected it of having borrowed various idioms from the elephant, and a certain extravagance of expression, not natural to it, from the press agent; and he was pained often to hear even respectable monkeys broaden their "a's" in the manner of the Southern hippopotami. But more particularly the Professor wished to perfect himself in the past participle, in respect of which he felt that he was deficient.

A despatch from Liverpool brings the welcome intelligence that Professor GARNER has returned safely from Africa, and that his trip was a complete success. It was noticed by the reporter who interviewed him that he spoke with a slight monkey accent, but this will no doubt wear off soon. The Professor explained his manner of procedure in Africa. He did not consider it altogether safe, in view of the large number of other animals in the African forests, to visit the monkeys without protection, so he set up a large iron cage in a particularly monkeyish neighborhood, and chained it securely to trees. In this cage he locked himself, and passed one hundred and one days in conversing with the monkeys on various topics. We hope, among other things, to get from the Professor the feeling among leading African monkeys on the subject of free silver.

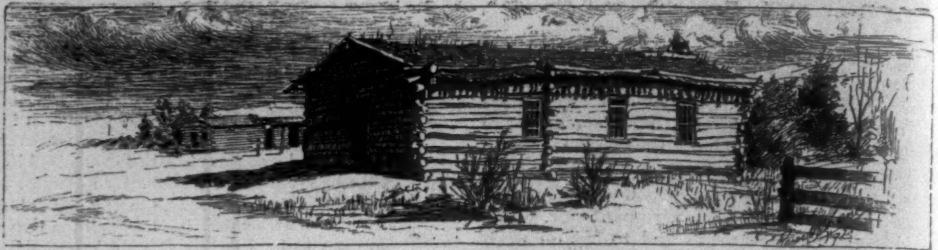
As the Professor had feared, he at first had considerable difficulty in making himself understood, owing to the corrupt form of speech which he had acquired from the circus monkeys. He was laughed at a good deal for several days, and he strongly suspects that his brogue got into the simian comic papers. But he persevered, and could soon speak the different dialects with ease, though the orang-outang umlauts still bother him somewhat. During most of his sojourn in the cage a large striped tigress sat on top of it, and made remarks which he was utterly unable to understand; though one day, when he reached out to shake hands with a visiting monkey, the tigress made signs which led the investigator to suspect that she had been observing all along that she did not approve of edible professors shutting themselves up in barred cages to pursue their philological studies. Professor GARNER got his hand back just in time to avoid the jaws of the dissatisfied tigress.

The Professor had with him a phonograph, so that he was not obliged to depend wholly on his ear and memory for bringing back the pure simian accent. By putting the nozzle of the phonograph through the bars, he readily induced the monkeys to talk into it. Reproducing these remarks, and repeating his own, he can now give many conversations substantially as they occurred in the African forest. The phonograph will also be useful in case the Professor decides to form a class in monkey. Whether or not the African monkeys picked up any English from the Professor we are not yet told, but it certainly seems that the show monkeys in this country ought to learn English without delay. Perhaps the larger ones could get on the police force. The Professor, so the Liverpool despatch adds, "brought with him from Africa two chimpanzees, with which he is able to communicate."

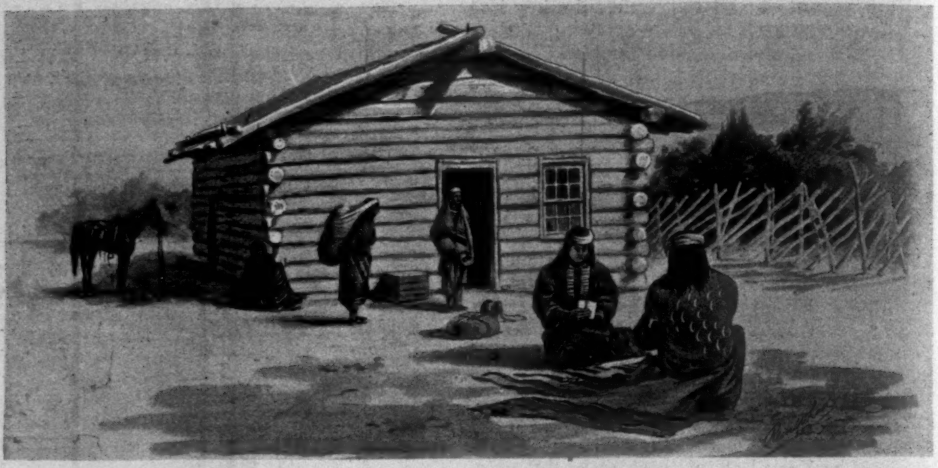
But interesting in itself as is the addition of the monkey tongue to the world's stock of available languages, it chiefly attracts the thoughtful mind for the possibilities which it suggests. If the monkeys have a language which can be understood, why not other animals? New joys seem to stand tiptoe upon the threshold of human experience. Soon the farmer, while extracting the lacteal fluid from the patient cow, can hold pleasant converse with her about the newest ensilage machine, or the latest discoveries of the YERKE'S telescope in the Milky Way. A man can spend a day in the dog show and talk till he is tired. And instead of sowing small articles of personal property broadcast when cats do congregate at night, he can put his head out of the window and speak to them earnestly, as between man and cat, and bring blessed reason to bear on the case. On a dark night you might be able to hit a cat with an argument, when you couldn't come within a dozen yards of it with a hair-brush.



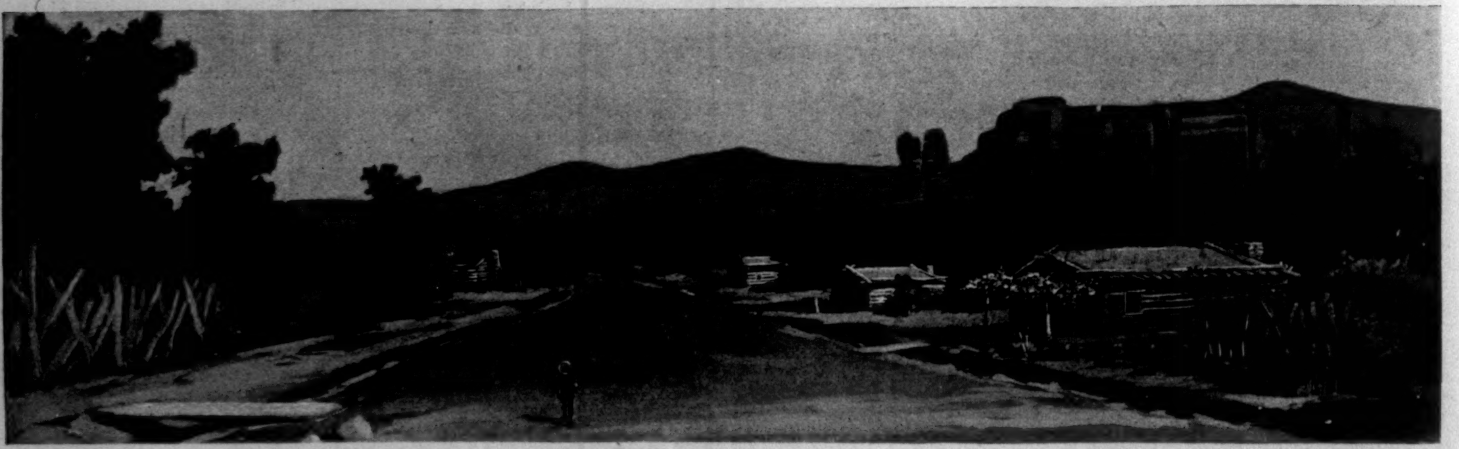
THE BELLE OF THE VILLAGE, BLUFF CITY.



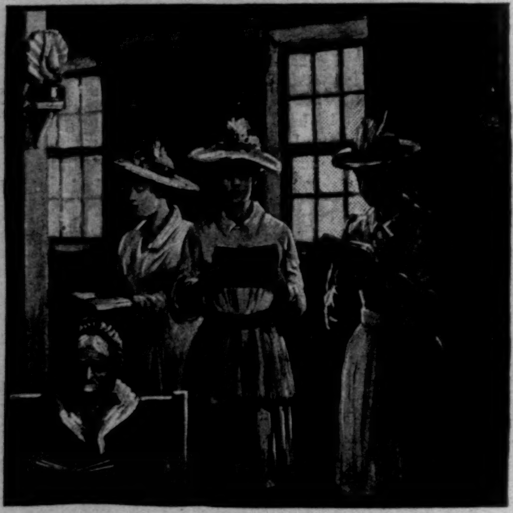
SCHOOL-HOUSE AND CHURCH, BLUFF CITY.



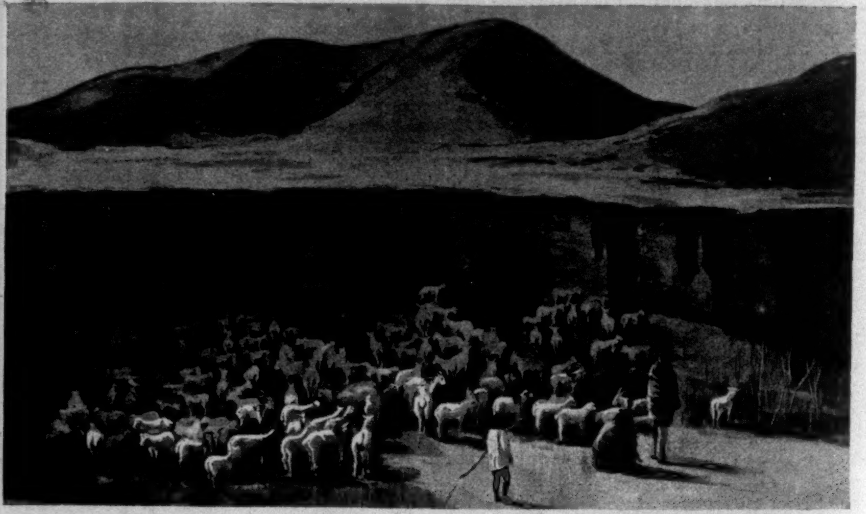
THE INDIAN TRADING-POST IN THE CENTRE OF THE TOWN.



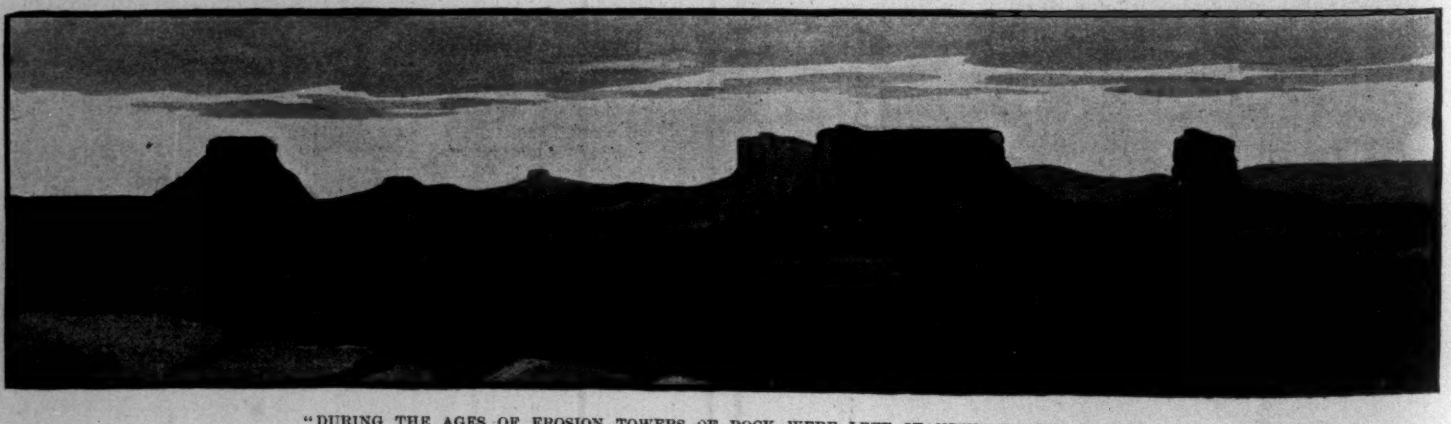
"A TURN IN THE ROAD BROUGHT US TO THE TOWN ITSELF"—BLUFF CITY, NEAREST SETTLEMENT TO THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED GOLD FIELDS IN THE SAN JUAN VALLEY.



THE CHOIR, BLUFF CITY.

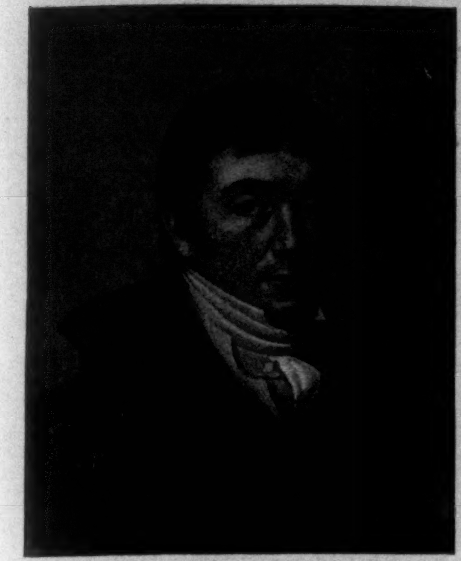


"THE SHEEP AND GOATS WERE DRIVEN INTO A RAVINE."

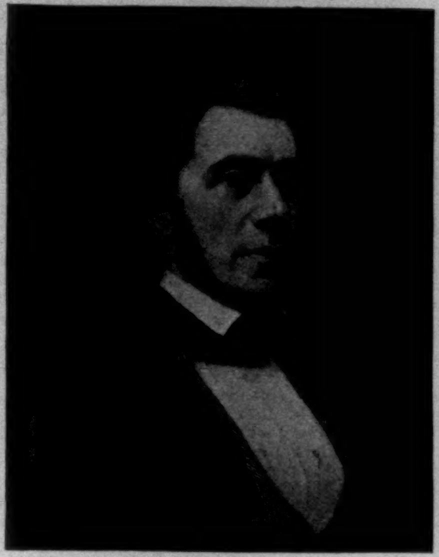


"DURING THE AGES OF EROSION TOWERS OF ROCK WERE LEFT STANDING IN THE PLAIN."

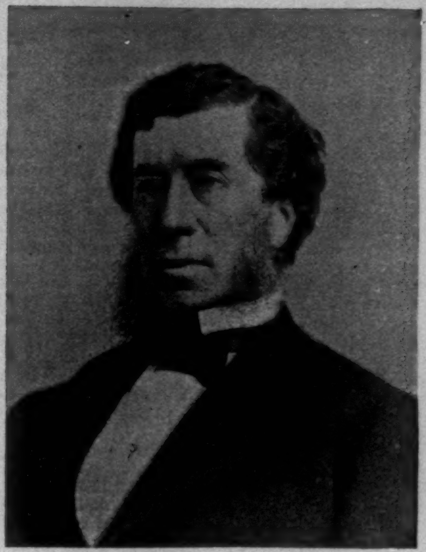
IN THE SAN JUAN COUNTRY.—Drawn by Rem. W. Lane.—[See Page 1174.]



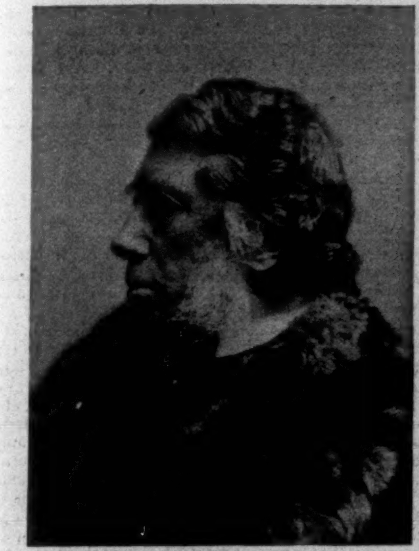
NICHOLAS FISH, FATHER OF HAMILTON FISH.



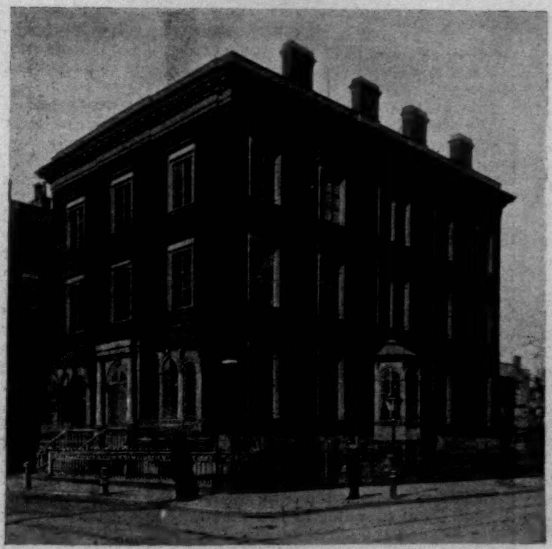
HAMILTON FISH IN 1848.



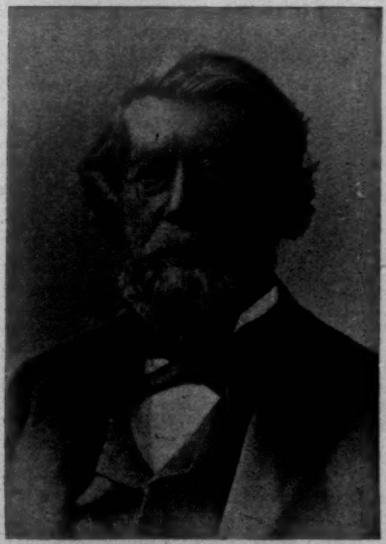
HAMILTON FISH IN 1873.



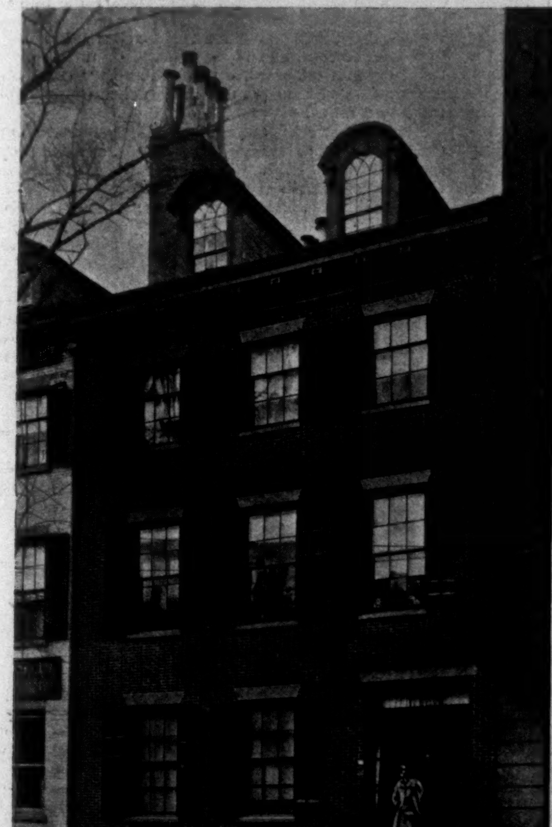
HAMILTON FISH IN 1881.



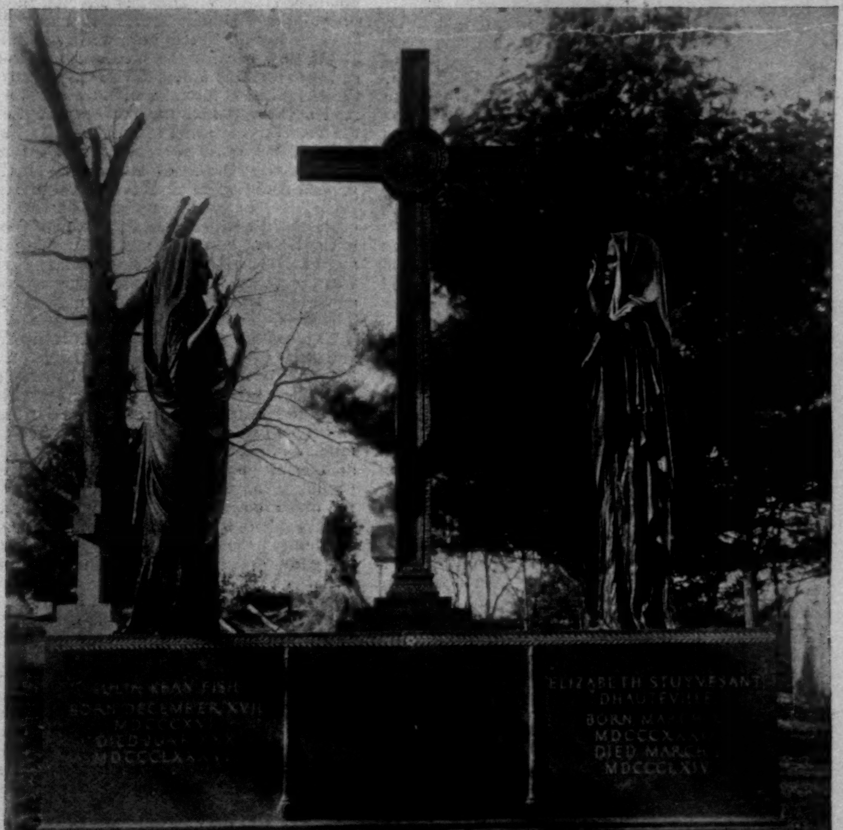
HAMILTON FISH'S HOME ON STUYVESANT SQUARE



HAMILTON FISH IN 1893.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF HAMILTON FISH,
No. 21 Stuyvesant Street.



THE MONUMENT IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF ST. PHILIPS-IN-THE-HIGHLANDS.
Erected by Hamilton Fish. Augustus St. Gaudens, Sculptor.

THE LATE HAMILTON FISH.—[See "An Eminent Career," Page 1179.]

THE THANKSGIVING-DAY GAME.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

THERE is nothing more curious or more interesting in the history of New York city within the last decade than the development of the Thanksgiving-day Game. Ten years ago the game was a sporting event, and nothing more, of interest to but a few thousand faithful ones, and to others a public and private nuisance, because for them it disturbed the peace of Broadway at night, and left a vacant chair at the dinner table of every family in which there was a boy worthy the name. To-day the sporting character of the event has been overwhelmed by the social interest it has aroused in itself, and which has enveloped it and made it more of a spectacle than an athletic contest. But it is still the greatest sporting event and spectacle combined that this country has to show. It is one of the things every foreigner should be taken to see, and which no foreigner could possibly appreciate. No one who does not live in New York can understand how completely it colors and lays its hold upon that city, how it upsets and overturns its thoroughfares, and disturbs its rapid routine of existence, and very few even of those who do live in New York can explain just why this is so; they can only accept the fact.

And they accept it gladly. The enthusiasm of the few faithful ones of ten years back is mocked at and set at naught to-day by the thousands who do not know a touch-down from a three base hit, or whether Yale is a city, State, or club, or its eleven a travelling combination of ex-pugilists. They are only certain that two teams of young men are going to fight it out in Harlem, and that "the Yales" are blue, and "the Princetons" are generally referred to as "tigers," which fact makes them the choice among the voters of the east side.

Ten years ago Thanksgiving day in New York was an event of moment and of meaning; there still clung to it the semi-religious significance that gave it its place in the calendar, and it was as heinous an offence to be absent from the dinner table on that day as to substitute duck for turkey at that meal. But the game up at the polo grounds caused many desertions and annual mutinies; and the family idea which was first lessened by the absence from the table of one was further spoiled when the head of the family followed his son, and then the uncles and poor relations, and at last the daughters and mothers, learned to prefer the nipping winds and tingling feet of the polo grounds to the heavy dinner in the middle of the day at home. It was not that they cared so much for football pure and simple, but that the day was a holiday, and that there was nothing better offered, and that they could see the other people and could be seen by them, and it, in short, became "the thing to do"; and the significance of that day which once centred in New England around a grateful family offering thanks for blessings received and a fruitful harvest now centres in Harlem about twenty-two very dirty and very earnest young men who are trying to force a leather ball over a whitewashed line.

Ten years ago a solitary "haberdasher," as he delights to call himself, used to decorate his windows before Thanksgiving day with orange and black and blue handkerchiefs, and those of us who were in college then considered this as a rare piece of condescension on his part, and as a sign that the public, as represented by this solitary shopkeeper, was interested in the struggle of the college boys up on the polo grounds. To-day,— But this is not the place to tell how it is to-day; this part tells how it used to be. It used to be that there were two games—one in the morning, between Pennsylvania and Wesleyan, and the great game in the afternoon—and all "true sports" went out early to see both, and remained on the damp muddy grounds until late in the afternoon. The first game was not scientific, but it was desperate, and served to whet one's appetite for the game to come. At this, 8000 people formed what was considered in those days a magnificent audience—an audience in which the young men outnumbered the young women fifty to one, and the members of which strayed over the field, and lost themselves on the big grand stand, and spent the greater part of their energy in shouting "Get off the field!" at the two or three hundred politicians, newspaper men, actors, and attachés of the polo grounds, who walked complacently around the lines. It was only necessary in those days to take a few sheets of writing-paper with you, and to say that you were a reporter, to get a place inside the ropes. There was no system worthy the name, and no order.

The real reporters, with very few exceptions, never saw a football match from one year's end to another except this particular one, and so gave only descriptive accounts of the game, in which they spoke humorously of the splints and bandages and ambulances, and gallantly of the girls with "eyes of Yale blue" and those who "wore Harvard crimson in their cheeks." And the fact that a Tammany politician had attended the game in a white greatcoat was of much more important news interest to them than that either side had scored. In those days a man who drove out to the game in a cab, instead of taking the elevated, was considered a profligate, and there were seldom more than twenty of these to be seen on the field, seated on the driver's box, and waving a large flask and a small flag. I do not know why it should have been so, but even the clerk of the weather disregarded the college men entirely in those days, and never took the trouble to see that they had any accompaniment for their game other than a drizzling rain, with gusts and flurries of snow, and a bleak wind. He knows better than that now.

After the game in those earlier days all the students massed themselves in Koster & Bial's, which was then at Twenty-third Street, and packed it so full that after nine o'clock a man who wished to leave it had to be passed out over the heads of the crowd; and this the crowd would do for him with a cheerful alacrity that landed him hatless and breathless in the lobby, with the impression that he had been caught up by the sails of a windmill and hurled into space.

It was a most curious sight. The hall was very small, very dirty, badly lit, and with a low ceiling, against which the smoke rolled and clung like waves on a shore. Below this, and in the single balcony that ran like a horseshoe around the building, were more men than the floor could hold, and who overflowed upon each other's shoulders, and stepped from table to table, or dropped from the boxes to the heads of the men below. These were all very young men, in what were known in those days as Newmarket coats and high curly-brimmed hats, and with silk kerchiefs bound around their necks inside the collar of these green greatcoats. The silk kerchief was one of the fashions of that day, and it gave the unknowing ones the impression that every well-dressed young man of New York was suffering from a severe cold. These young men, whose garb made them look like an army of coachmen, hung three deep over the railings of the boxes, blocked the aisles, balanced themselves and embraced each other on the tops of the tables, and stepped forth from these unsteadily on to the heads of the crowd without exciting any ill-humor on the part of the gentlemen so trampled upon. They yelled the entire time, and gave the particular college cheer of every known institution of learning, and at moments of greatest enthusiasm clambered upon the stage, and were pitched off into the arms of their companions and on to the heads of the frightened orchestra by the irate German managers.

There was an attempt at a performance going on meanwhile, but no one noticed it, and on one night I remember the audience of over a thousand students sang the chorus of one song throughout the entire evening in a monotonous roar that turned the performance on the stage into a pantomime. The actors came on and went off, embraced or fought or sang or danced as their part on the programme suggested, but it was as silent a performance as that of the *L'Enfant Prodigue*. One could see the leader wave his baton, and the actresses open their lips, and the comedians fall down and get up again, but all one could hear was the audience shouting, cheerfully,

"They're af—ter me,
They're af—ter me,
For I'm the Individual they require."

They were singing it when I left, and with such evident self-satisfaction that if it were not that Koster's has moved, I would not be sure that they were not sitting there yet and singing still.

Now all this is changed, and the city surrenders herself to the students and their game as she never welcomes any other event, except a Presidential election, which only happens once every four years, or a Columbian celebration, which has occurred but once in four hundred. She begins to prepare for them early in November, and shops in which there is nothing the student could possibly wish to buy fill their bow-windows, in spite of that fact, with the colors of the two rivals, and from Ninety-fourth Street in Harlem to lower Broadway, where the battle of business is thickest, and from the east side to the North River, the same colors in every form and texture hang on the outer walls, and the cry is that "they come." But long before they come, every other young woman you meet, and every little boy, and elderly men even, begin to parade Broadway with bows of blue stuck on their persons, or long strips of orange and black ribbon, like those of the floor committee at an east-side ball, which proclaim their allegiance and their hopes. It is not at all probable that the brothers of all of these young women have ever enjoyed the benefits of a collegiate education—if they have they should certainly take better care of their sisters—or that the little boys ever expect to "follow the ball," but they like to feel that they are in whatever is going on, and though they have the vaguest ideas of what it is about, they are nevertheless proud of their colors, and that they are championing something. There are two or three facts which tend to show how the development of the Thanksgiving-day game has affected those in high places. One of these is that service in many of the churches of this city were held one hour earlier than usual last Thanksgiving day, because the rectors found they could not get a full congregation unless the service was over in time to allow the worshippers to make an early start for Manhattan Field. And another is that the manager of the Yale team wrote the secretary of the President of the United States to inquire if he could not get prompt information as to just what day the President intended to proclaim as the day of general thanksgiving. Whether he received this information promptly I do not know; but they tell in Boston how that other fine Democrat, the Governor of Massachusetts, wrote to the Harvard team to ask when it would best please that august body to have Thanksgiving day in that commonwealth. These facts are interesting as showing that Church and State both recognize the national importance of the Thanksgiving-day game.

Three days before the eventful day fakirs from Nassau and Ann streets swarm up town like an invading army, or like two invading armies, with banners and flags and artificial flowers in the true colors, and with tiny leather footballs and buttons and rosettes and ribbons and tin horns and countless varieties of badges. They give the streets as much color as the flowers give life to the Paris boulevards, and the city is *en fête* and divided into rival camps. Photographs of the players show in every shop window; and their pictures appear and reappear with each edition of the daily papers. The legitimate gambling on the floor of the Stock Exchange is neglected for the greater interest of betting on the game, and the odds given and taken are quoted in the papers as regularly as the rise and fall of a railroad stock. Seats for the game sell at fifteen dollars apiece, and boxes at a hundred and fifty, and the men who took the few solitary cabs to the polo grounds ten years ago have now to engage a coach *one year in advance*, and pay twenty dollars to reserve a place for it.

The collegians begin to arrive in town on Wednesday, and one sees nothing but young men enveloped in huge greatcoats and ulsters, with yellow shoes, and canes wrapped in ribbons. They make Broadway between the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where the Yale team lodges, and the Hoffman House, where odds are given and taken on the game, almost impassable. In the corridors of these two hotels men who graduated in the seventies are sure to meet men who graduated with them, and they gather here from all over the United States, from Texas and Oregon, with that disregard for distances that the Western man soon learns, to talk football, and to wager large sums of money with utter strangers, who agree with them readily enough to leave sums of two and three thousand dollars in the hands of a man who is also a stranger to both of them. This man is "Billy" Edwards, an ex-prize-fighter, who keeps guard over the glass-ware of the Hoffman House bar, and who has become a most important figure in this great sporting event. He is the depositary of almost all bets, and gives nothing in return for the bundles of bills left in his charge but a piece of paper, and yet so great is the confidence in him and in his integrity that he goes to sleep on the eve of Thanksgiving day with as much as $50,000 in his possession, belonging to men he had seen but a few hours before, and the faces of whom he has quite forgotten.

Everything on four wheels and that will hold twenty men on its top in the city of New York goes up Fifth Avenue on Thursday morning. It is like a circus procession many miles long. It begins at ten in the morning, four hours before the game, when the coaches meet in front of the Fifth Avenue and the Brunswick hotels, where a crowd has gathered to cheer them as they start. The streets are empty, for it is a holiday, and the sounds of the bugle calls and coach horns and the riflelike cheer of Yale and the hissing sky-rocket yell of Princeton break in on the Sabbath-like quiet of the streets like the advance of an army going forth triumphantly to war. There is everything, from the newest English brake to omnibuses, draped from their tops to the level of the street with cloths of yellow and blue, hung in festoons or dropped in four straight curtains from each corner and dragging in the mud, and with wheels covered up entirely or decorated with ribbons around their spokes, and suggesting monster revolving pin-wheels. Some of the brakes have six horses, none less than four, all blanketed in the true colors, and every coach carries twenty shouting men and excited young women smothered in furs; and the flags, as they jerk them about, fill the air with color; and the coaches themselves toss like ships in a heavy sea, rocking from side to side, and sinking and rebounding on their springs as the men on top jump up and down in time to the rhythm of the rival cheers.

Every coach-load yells for all the pretty girls on the next coach if they wear the proper colors, and race scornfully past those who do not; and from the Washington Arch to the layers of flats in Harlem there are holiday-makers out along the route to see the procession pass, standing in some places three and four deep along the sidewalk. And from houses all along the course there are bits of bunting and big flags; sometimes it is only a strip of paper-muslin fluttering from the eighth-story window of a cheap apartment-house, and again it is a big silken banner swinging from the house-front of some important friend of one or the other of the two colleges, who has built a dormitory or given a son to the football team. And as the decorated horses and bedecked hansoms and brakes and coaches and omnibuses go galloping up the Avenue there are special cheers for the orange flag and the big black P in front of the Sloanes and the Alexanders and the Scribners, and for the blue banners and white Y before the homes of the Whitneys and the Vanderbilts.

Manhattan Field, where the game has been held of late years, and where it took place last week, looks to the spectator as if it were laid out on the top of a table-land, with the grand stands built up around its edges. In almost all other athletic grounds in this country you can see, above the sky-line of the stands, the roofs of houses and the tops of trees beyond; but in Manhattan Field it is as though you were in a big bucket, with green turf at the bottom and grand stands for sides. At one end back of the stands there is a steep hill, with a face of bare rock; and this and the Washington Viaduct, which stretches high in air beyond the south side of the field, are the only objects one can see from the ground that are not part and parcel of the immense stands towering on every side. It is exactly as though you were in a pit or in the mouth of a monster crater lined to its edges with human beings. Last week these human beings numbered thirty thousand. They were ranged around the whitewashed gridiron, and separated from it by a stout board fence four feet high. Inside of this fence were the reporters and telegraph operators, and the coaches and substitutes lying on the ground or crouched out of sight against the board fence.

Back of the fence, boxes stretched around one-fourth of its circumference, and behind the rest of its extent people stood in a solid mass until they reached the grand stands, where they rose skywards as closely packed together as fir-trees on a mountain-side. But just as human beings are much more interesting than fir-trees, so this portrait-gallery of faces was more impressive than a forest of pines. It was as if all the faces of the portrait-gallery had been cut out of their canvases and pasted together on a wall a quarter of a mile in circumference and fifty yards high, and at places much higher; for those on Dead-head Hill and on the Washington Viaduct were so far above the heads of those on the ground that it was impossible to distinguish them except with an opera-glass. When every other one of these forty thousand human beings stood up and yelled and waved a blue or an orange and black flag, the effect was worth crossing an ocean to see. There are certain traditions of these games which are interesting, and which were observed last week with much enthusiasm. One of these is the singing of words expressive of the sentiments of the rival colleges to the tunes of hymns and popular songs, in which the names of the "star" players are handed down to immortality, as were the heroes of the ancient Goths in their war-songs.

It is also interesting to the stranger to note how systematically the cheering is given, how it is timed to destroy the effect of the rival cheering, and that certain men are selected to lead and give the time for these yells, who hold a position similar to that of a leader of an orchestra. This year there was a new and an unintentionally pretty effect in the introduction of blankets by the substitutes, in the place of "sweaters." They found that it took too long to pull a jersey on and off a player while he was waiting for a comrade to revive, or for the two captains to discuss a disputed point with the referee, and that throwing a blanket around him kept him warmer. So this year the substitutes lay around the lines, stretched at full length on blankets of double length, and whenever time was called, as it was at almost every fifth minute of each half, they would swarm over the field, waving their blankets like matadors in a bull-fight, and smother the eleven men of their college, transforming them in an instant into a dancing group of blanketed Indians.

There is no change so noticeable in the Thanksgiving-day game as the difference in the manner in which it is reported for the daily papers. It is no longer considered enough to cover it with two men—one to write the introduction, and the other to describe the play. Now each paper sends its star men, its artists, and photographers, and engages many ex-players of reputation to describe the game from the points of view of adherents of each college, and to make diagrams which show where the ball was at every minute of the two halves and to denote who advanced it and who stopped it. At the last Thanksgiving-day game that I helped to report for the *Evening Sun* there were seventeen men assisting one another in covering it for that paper, and every one helped, from the proud reporter who came out on a coach and sent us word by a policeman that Chauncey M. Depew had just arrived, to the new reporter who raced five blocks after an ambulance to get the name of the wounded player whom he supposed to be inside, and which he finally found, on overtaking it, to be empty.

This last game was perhaps the very best, as a sporting event and as a spectacle, that New York has ever seen.

The weather was perfect weather, and the football was perfect football. It was particularly interesting to old players, as Walter Camp has already pointed out in the New York *Herald*, on account of the revival, and the most successful revival, of the double pass and the long pass, which plays had been given up of late for the wedge. No one, no matter how hardened he may be to the roughness of football, can look at a wedge forming without a shudder of apprehension and disgust, and no one who saw "Bobby" Baker's old trick of the long pass so beautifully executed last week but felt that the open game is the cleaner and safer and better one.

In enthusiasm I do believe I have never seen a more remarkable game than this last, and as an exhibition of delight there was never anything so complete and satisfying as an illustration of that feeling than was the sight of the Princeton substitutes, with their chins in their hands, and their elbows in the mud, and the rest of their bodies balanced in air, kicking and trembling with ecstasy. Nor was there ever a more excellent example of Yale grit than that showed by the eleven within three minutes of the last half, when they prevented Princeton from scoring a second time, though the ball was within a few feet of the goal-line.

People who live far away from New York, and who cannot understand from the faint echoes they receive how great is the enthusiasm that this contest arouses, may possibly get some idea of what it means to the contestants themselves through the story of a remarkable incident which occurred after the game in the Princeton dressing-room. The team were being rubbed down for the last time after their three months of self-denial, and anxiety, and the hardest and roughest sort of rough work that young men are called upon to do, and outside in the semi-darkness thousands of Princeton followers were jumping up and down, and hugging each other, and shrieking themselves hoarse.

One of the Princeton coaches came into the room out of this mob, and holding up his arm for silence, said, "Boys, I want you to sing the doxology." And standing as they were, naked and covered with mud and blood and perspiration, the eleven men who had won the championship sang the doxology from the beginning to the end as solemnly and as seriously, and, I am sure, as sincerely, as they ever did in their lives, while outside the no less thankful fellow-students yelled and cheered, and beat at the doors and windows, and howled for them to come out and show themselves. This may strike some people as a very sacrilegious performance, and as a most improper one, but the spirit in which it was done has a great deal to do with the question, and any one who has seen a defeated team lying on the benches of their dressing-room sobbing, like hysterical school-girls, can understand how great and how serious is the joy of victory to the men who conquer.

THE MAKING OF OUR NAVAL OFFICERS.

I.

THE United States Naval Academy owes its existence to the persistent demands made for it by naval officers, mainly by those whose reputations had been gained or fortified in that glorious war of 1812—glorious, that is, so far as ships and seamen were concerned. In their early service lives these fine sailor-men had been denied all adequate training, and when days of peace carried them leisurely athwart the hawse of the older navies they recognized how much their careers had lost through the stupidity and neglect of our government.

Sent to sea at a tender age, they were forced to begin their duties often in the shock of battle, always under circumstances rigorous enough to test the physical and moral endurance of the strongest men. The asperities of sea-life in those days magnified the importance of rough treatment as fillip for sea-boys, and beyond a training of the knock-down-and-drag-out school there was no royal tide to learning. Everything, except sailorizing, fighting, ramming and rough liberty on the beach was picked up haphazardly, and this went little beyond the art of bowlines and the science of carronades. Sometimes a bowing acquaintance was scraped with the simpler mathematics, and occasionally a few midshipmen were enabled to attend navigation schools. On board cruising ships chaplains were enjoined by regulation and tradition to instruct the midshipmen "diligently and faithfully in the science appertaining to their department," but as the parsons were not expected to know navigation, seamanship, gunnery, or any foreign language, the curriculum was usually not worth the shaking of a rope-yarn.

The life of the younker—of the "Johnny Raw"—in those lustrums was ever a hard one. On shipboard the older messmates showed a paternal care for his health by confiscating his allowance of spirits, and by assigning him the privilege—his main duty in port—of performing market-work generally. At sea, when off watch, he passed his golden hours under the vivifying beams of the purser's dip in an atmosphere redolent of bean soup, rum, tar, and tobacco, and all his leisure was employed in working out the day's run, and in writing up the log-books of those bully-rooks his more experienced shipmates. On watch, he called the cooks in the morning, saw the decks properly swept, tumbled aloft when sails were handled, and tramped for hours off and on to leeward in the gangways, squeaking out the orders given by the lieutenant in a voice not unlike that of a parrot witlessly maundering through a cracked reed. He sneaked off, when he could, in his night-watches to the lee of a gun, where he snoozed heavily, pillowed on a signal-flag and blanketed with a greasy tarpaulin; though from here he was hauled out by the leg at unholy intervals and sent below to mix and bring to the officer of the deck a glass of grog strong enough to float a marline-spike.

After fighting his way for a year or two—and he was sure of a scrap day in and out—he became weary, learned to swear in five languages by the clock and archaically, fought for his stingo like a fishwife, and doubled on the tub whenever the master's-mate of the spirit-room in his cups forbade not, and this was often. After he had grown a little older, especially after he had seen a fight or two and been out in a duel, he became respectful to his superiors, attentive to his duties, thoughtful of the bluejackets, and finical as to the length of his kerchief, to the cockbilling of his shiny hat, to the tautness and bell-mouthing of his trousers, and to the brightness of the anchor-embossed buttons, which shone with the glory of Orion on the dark blueness of his round jacket. He roared no longer as 'twere a nightingale, nor gently as a sucking dove; his voice was larded with holes, and its cog-wheeled hoarseness came not from singing or hallooing of anthems. Proudest boasts of all, his ripening chin knew the barber's shear, and Bum-Boat Sal no longer called him her "Ducky darling of a reefer."

Now, if big in muscle, beamy of shoulder, and two-handed with his fists, he became cock of the steerage walk. He borrowed more than he loaned, patronized and catered for the mess, took toll of grog from his vassals, drank the stingo to the lees—though this virtuously and discreetly; for, like Master Slender in the play, he caroused only with the sober-minded and in exemplary society. As an old-day writer says of him, there was at this stage observance in his eye, activity in his heels, humility in the hinges of his knee. From his seniors he took everything in good part—dinner with the captain joyously, reproof from the watch officers humbly, lunars with the master, assiduously, and conceit out of his juniors boastfully.

Of book-learning he had little or none; and knowing the influences and hardships which environed the officers of the day, it is not easy to understand how they learned so admirably the duties they had subsequently to perform as commanders of ships and squadrons. That they never forgot their early limitations is best shown by the splendid fight they made for the establishment of the naval school. In season and out, through good fortune and ill, they persisted, petitioning Congress session after session to make the navy, through a *personnel* properly selected and trained, equal to the demands which the ripening greatness of the nation would create. It was a long, a wearisome fight; but these old officers and their successors never faltered. In the end small classes were taught at the navy-yards, then a school was established at Philadelphia, and finally, in 1845, the Naval School was organized by Secretary George Bancroft, and its location was fixed at Annapolis, Maryland.

II.

The number of naval cadets is limited by law to one for every member or delegate of the House of Representatives and to eleven others—ten at large and one from the District of Columbia—appointed by the President. As the age of admission falls between the limits of fifteen and twenty years, and the course extends six years, it follows that in certain districts appointments may not be open more than once in that period, thus making one-third of its boys unavailable. To enter, a candidate must be physically sound, and have a thorough knowledge of arithmetic, algebra, geography, grammar, writing, and spelling, and, when appointed, be ready to take an oath to serve eight years, the probationary period included. When a vacancy is likely to occur in any district the Secretary of the Navy must notify its representative as soon as possible after the 5th of March in each year, and if by the first of the following July no action has been taken, the privilege lapses, and the Secretary is empowered to make the nomination. As this system permits the choice of a candidate to be deferred until the May examination is over, or, as in the majority of cases, until the September examination ushers in the academic year, it would be better to follow the West Point rule, and to nominate a candidate and an alternate one year in advance. This would enable the applicants to pursue a special course, and if upon entrance the first three months were deemed probationary, the successful candidates could go at once upon a cruise, and learn definitely their aptitude for a sea-life. In the official reports of last year the Board of Visitors recommends that the course of study at the Academy should be made five years, in lieu of four, as at the present, to which should be added one year's sea service before final graduation, in place of the two now required.

After the candidate has passed the mental and physical examinations he reports to the superintendent, takes the oath of allegiance, and deposits twenty dollars for his books, and such an additional sum as may be required for his outfit. This amount is specified in the annual circulars, but will average about $175, though from it is deducted the value of such clothing brought from home that need not be of a standard pattern. One month after admission the cadet is credited with his actual travelling expenses to the Academy, but this must be refunded if he resigns voluntarily within a year. His annual pay is $600, but his control over it is purely nominal, for every year $60 is reserved for his graduation outfit, and nearly all the rest goes for his books, clothing, mess bills, laundry, barber, and monthly pocket-money—this last usually so microscopic as to keep him in the traditionally impecunious condition that everywhere is the hall and mint mark of the midshipman

His hard work begins at the beginning, and his leisure is as scant as his coin. But it is a season of harvest labor, mental progress, physical growth—a system planned upon lines a long experience has justified, rich in brain and brawn for the worthy, and relentless only for the idle and careless. The cadet rises at 6, commences studies and recitations at 8, has recreation from 12.15 to 12.30, goes to dinner, and has recreation until 1.50, when the afternoon recitations begin, and from then continue until 3.55. From 4.10 until 5.30 he is at drill, then has recreation until 6, when he is marched to supper. Evening studies begin at 7.30 and end at 9.30. A half-hour of recreation follows, and then at 10 taps are sounded, noises cease, the lights go out, the quarters slip into the darkness, and the cadet's long day is done. On Saturday there is one recitation period, ending at 10, and followed by a drill, possibly on shipboard or with the batteries. At 10.30 on Sunday church service is held. This is non-sectarian, and attendance is obligatory, except in the case of cadets who have, at the written request of their parents, received permission to attend the Annapolis churches of their home faiths.

The limited space forbids any description in this sketch of the course of study, but it may briefly be grouped under eleven heads: 1, Seamanship, Naval Construction, and Naval Tactics; 2, Ordnance and Gunnery; 3, Astronomy, Navigation, and Surveying; 4, Steam-Engineering; 5, Mechanics and Applied Mathematics; 6, Physics and Chemistry; 7, Mathematics; 8, English Studies, History, and Law; 9, Modern Languages; 10, Mechanical Drawing; 11, Physiology and Hygiene. In addition to the rigorously practical work on the high seas with sails, battery, and machinery during the annual cruise, exercises with canvas, guns, and engines and of the battalion and naval brigade are of frequent occurrence at the Academy; and in the laboratory, observatory, machine shops, armory, rigging loft, and boat-houses you may see robust, red-cheeked, bright-eyed, lithe-limbed, straight-spined youngsters handling the various tools of their complex trades as deftly as they toy with the sputtering crayons on blackboards, where amazing signs, portents, formulæ, and other tricks are developed, until one wonders that these pundits do not burst from over-forcing and hot-bedding. They would, I believe, were it not for the equal care shown their physical training; for, thanks to the encouragement given my old friend and messmate, Surgeon Henry Beyer, particular attention is being paid "to systematizing the branch of physical training, the object in view being the best symmetrical physical development of every cadet. Each one is carefully measured, and his strength of lift, squeeze, pull, etc., noted, after which the exercise necessary for the development of any point in which he is lacking is directed." The frequency of these examinations insure a rapid individual all-around growth, but no over-development of one part of the body at the expense of another.

It is not all work and no play—dry as the routine may seem—and Reefer Jack is far from being a dull boy. He has his breathing spaces, his privileges, and his amusements. On Saturday afternoons leave is granted to the deserving, and during recreation hours the tennis-court, pistol gallery, bowling-alleys, and mild sea-fights are open to him. In good weather, on Saturdays and holidays, the steam-launches and sailing cutters are at his disposal, and the rifle-range is always snapping and yelping whenever the firing light lasts and regulations do not deny. Each year the cadet has a brief leave served out—that is, if the ship comes home in time—and in the middle of the course one of considerable extent, when he is glorious in the toggery of sleek citizens, and more nautical than Benbow ever dared to be.

Like other students, he is riotously daft and eager with the fury of football, and the fourth match with the military cadets comes off just as this paper goes to press; you can read the result in Amateur Sport in our next number. The sailor has already won two out of the three games.

J. D. JERROLD KELLEY, Lieutenant-Commander.

A WOODLAND TRAGEDY.

THE mistletoe crowns the forest tree,
  And the crystal berries gleam,
While the Dryad waits expectantly
  For the promise of her dream.

She sighs and waits in her woodland cell.
  Alas, the poor prisoned fay!
The graceless Faun that she loved so well
  Has fled with a Nymph away.

The twain will lie 'neath the forest tree
  When the summer brings the birds,
While the Dryad held in slavery
  Will list to their loving words.

But she may not speak—for Pan hath said,
  If her lover Faun forgot,
Ere the magic mistletoe was dead,
  That a voice would matter not.

So she must be dumb—the god delights
  Alone in a merry song,
And binds the tongues of his woodland sprites
  When they fain would sigh of wrong.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE.

BY A GREAT-GREAT GRANDNEPHEW.

AN unparalleled thing happened in New York on Saturday, November 25th. A boy—a mere stripling of twenty-two—more than a century after his death, was given a triumph in the metropolis of his country. The city stopped work, and assembled to witness a pageant of the civil, ecclesiastical, military, and naval services, and to cheer at the unveiling of his statue.

The story of Nathan Hale has been told this week in every public print. In belated appreciation, journals are employing special writers to discuss his probable appearance, and the location of the apple-tree beneath which he died. It is the story of a boy who, when the commander-in-chief asked "Congress' Own" for a volunteer for extraordinary, dangerous, and, above all, disreputable duty, said to the brother officers who tried to dissuade him, "Every kind of service necessary for the public good becomes honorable by being necessary. I will go"; and who, accordingly appearing that night before Washington in the house of the rich merchant, Robert Murray, on Murray Hill, received the commission of a spy. It is a tale of daring exploit, of capture, of the discovery of incriminating Latin memoranda in a boot, of cruel treatment at the hands of a provost-marshal, and of heroic death.

It was good to have given that imposing demonstration of reverence and affection for his name. It is good that there is to stand in the plaza there a monument to such sacrifice and such patriotism as his; good that before the eyes of the throngs that sweep up and down Broadway there is to be a memorial of a man who thought of his life only as a thing to be gladly given for his country. There is not in our history another quite so gallant, so romantic, a figure as that of Nathan Hale. His youth, his accomplishments, and attractions amply testified to the nature of his service, the tragic circumstances of his execution, his unflinching courage to the last, the sorrow of Washington and that of his own fair betrothed—for Alice Adams was fair—invest his fate with a peculiarly romantic pathos. "He is forever for America the young man's hero and inspiration," Dr. Edward Everett Hale said to me as we came down, and a moisture in the eyes of the venerable patriot said that he is also the old man's inspiration.

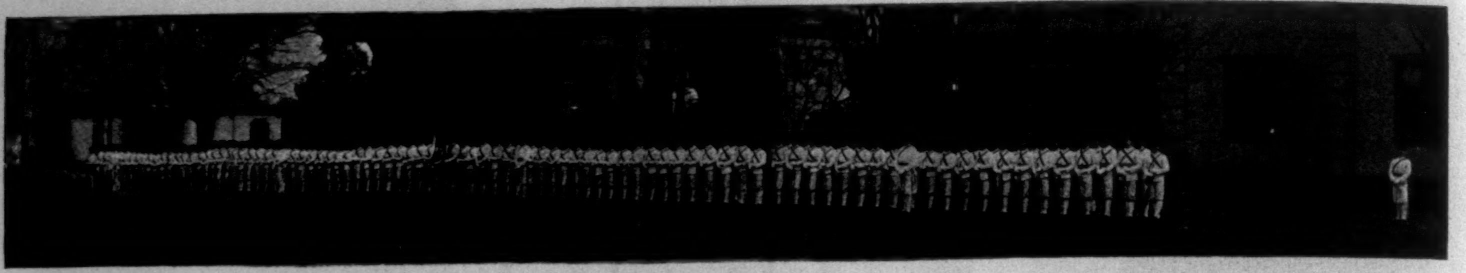
The statue is one of the best in New York. HARPER'S WEEKLY'S picture of it, admirable as it is, cannot show, as Mr. Macmonnies' bronze does, a nostril and lips so fine that they seem to quiver with the last emotions of that magnificent spirit which could breathe the defiance, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

We always want verses to celebrate love and patriotism, and we pardon them if they are not great or even clear. These, written long ago by a fellow-townsman of Nathan Hale, perhaps because they are in the martial metre of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," have always set my heart thumping:

"He fell in the spring of his early prime,
  With his fair hopes all around him;
He died for his birth-land—a glorious crime—
  Ere the palm of her fame had crowned him.

"He fell in her darkness; he lived not to see
  The noon of her risen glory;
But the name of the brave, in the hearts of the free,
  Shall be twined with his deathless story."

WILLIAM BAYARD HALE.

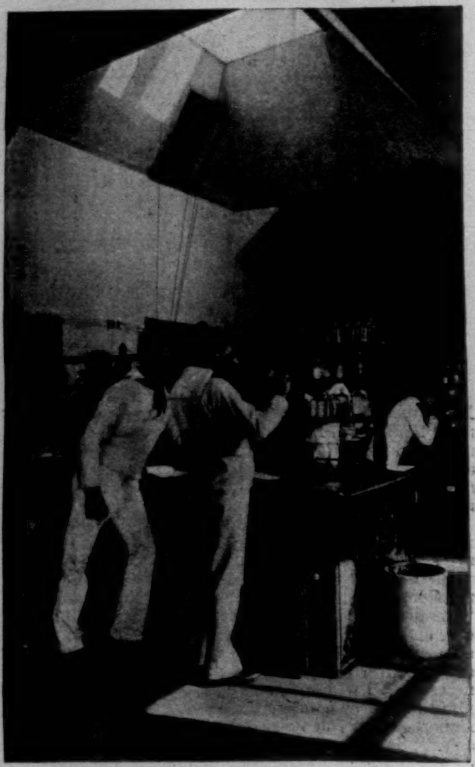


DRESS PARADE.

TAKING OBSERVATIONS OF THE SUN.

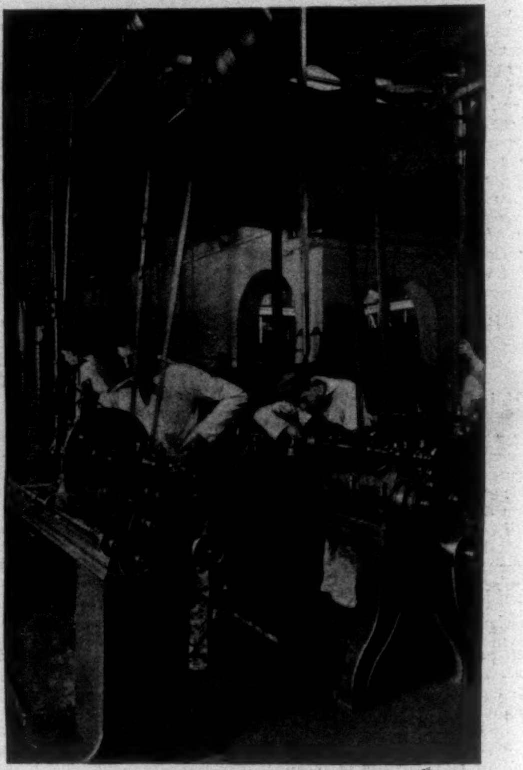
PRACTICAL WORK AT THE FORGE.

SWEET IDLENESS.

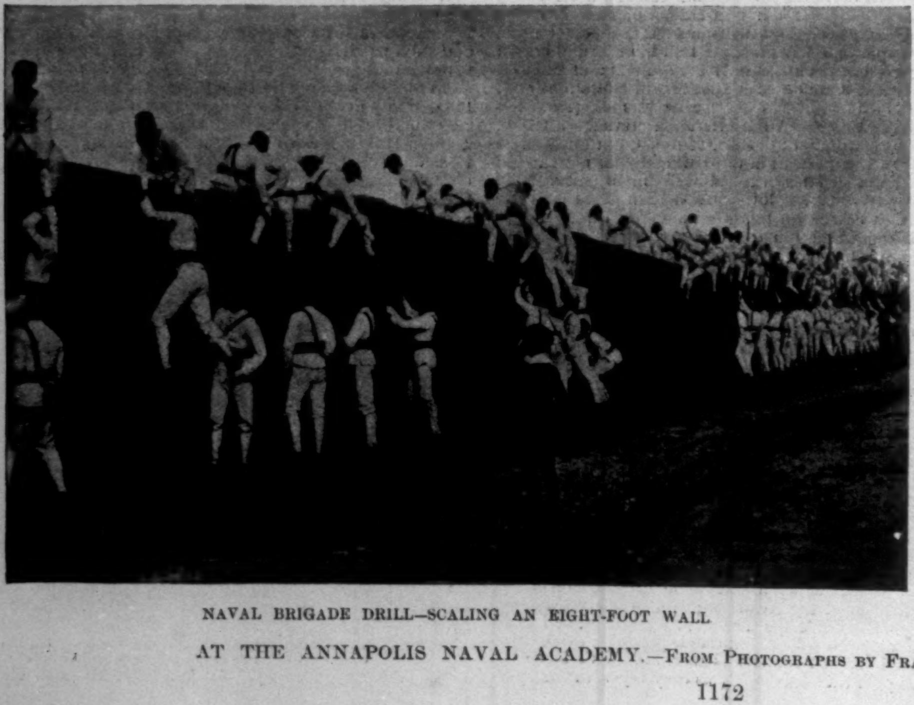


IN THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

FURLING SAIL ON THE PRACTICE SHIP.



IN THE MACHINE SHOP.

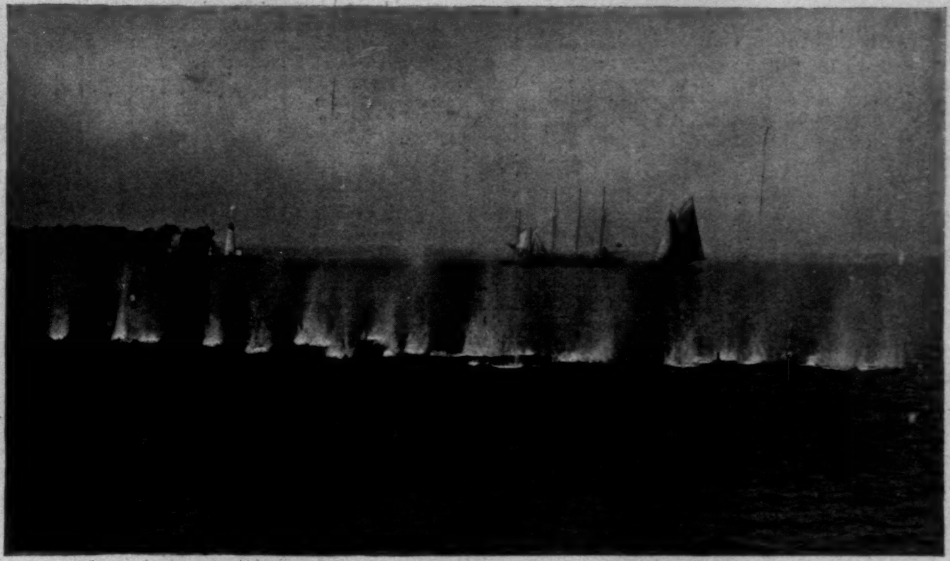


NAVAL BRIGADE DRILL—SCALING AN EIGHT-FOOT WALL.

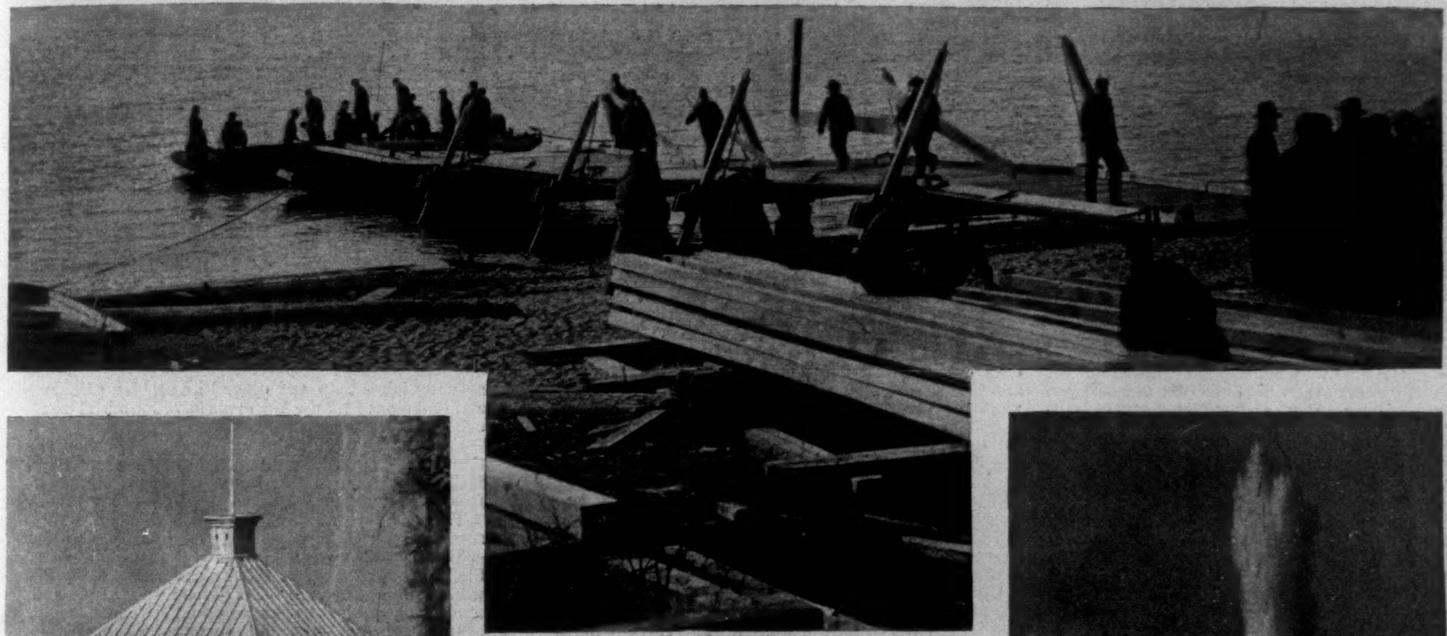
A CADET TEA.

AT THE ANNAPOLIS NAVAL ACADEMY.—From Photographs by Frances B. Johnston.—[See Page 1179.]

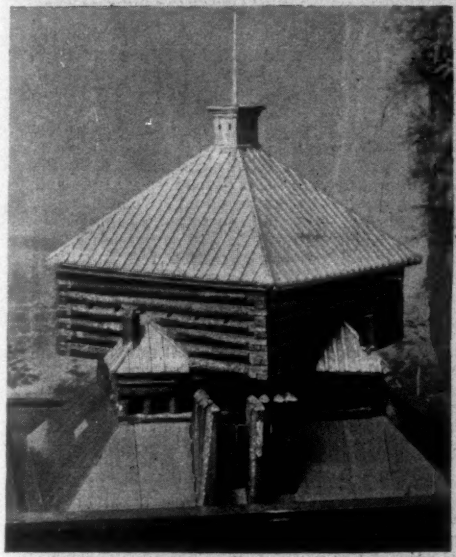
EXPLODING A SUBTERRANEAN MINE.



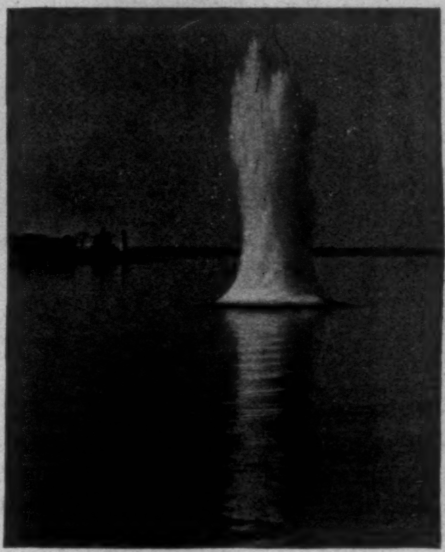
EFFECT OF SHOT STRIKING THE WATER OFF WILLETS POINT.



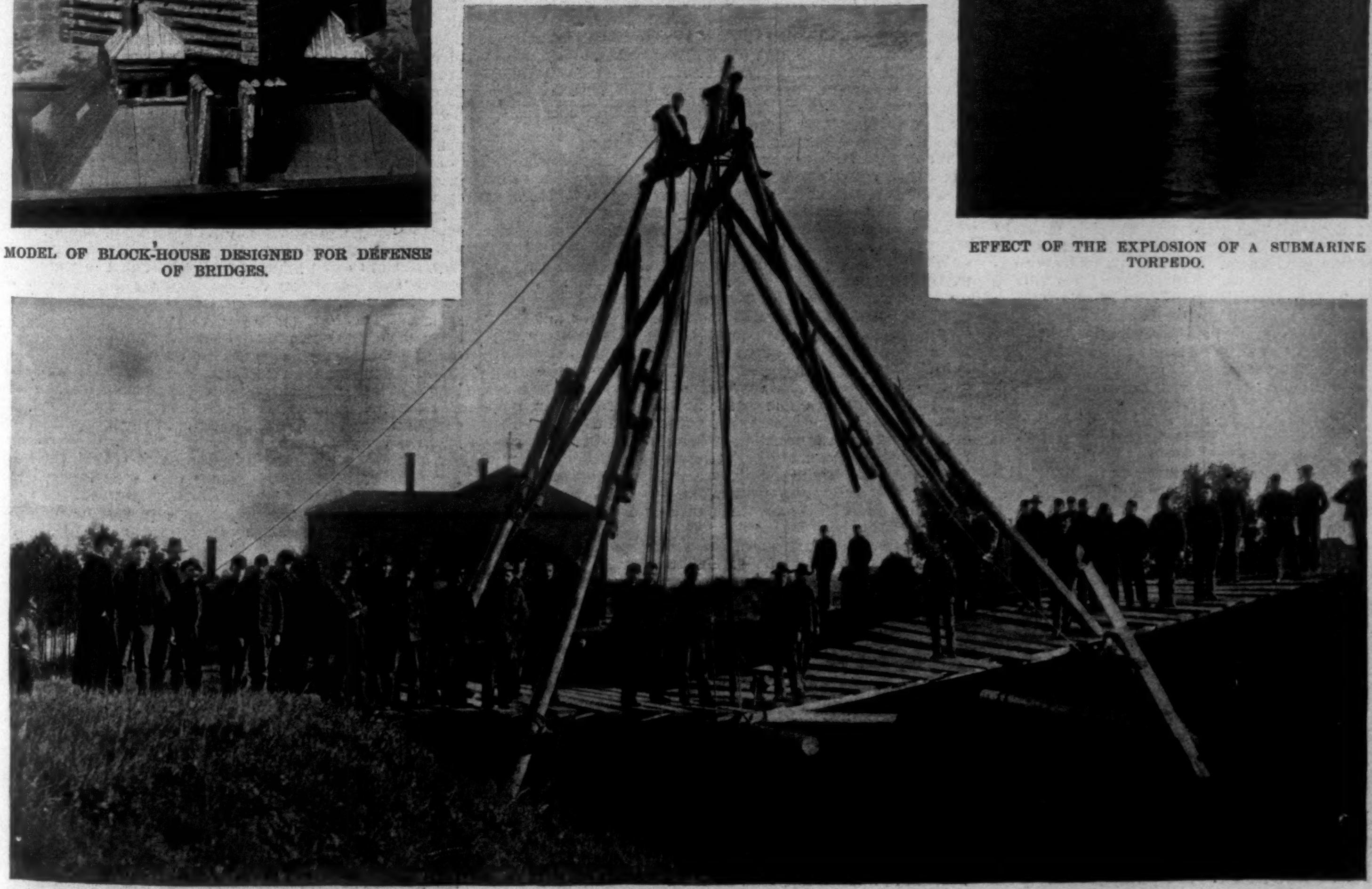
BATTALION OF ENGINEERS CONSTRUCTING A PONTOON-BRIDGE.



MODEL OF BLOCK-HOUSE DESIGNED FOR DEFENSE OF BRIDGES.



EFFECT OF THE EXPLOSION OF A SUBMARINE TORPEDO.



PRACTISING THE RAPID CONSTRUCTION OF TEMPORARY BRIDGE STRUCTURES.

WITH THE BATTALION OF UNITED STATES ENGINEERS AT WILLETS POINT.—[SEE PAGE 1184.]

AN ARTIST IN THE SAN JUAN COUNTRY.

BY REMINGTON W. LANE.

It was in the early spring that our party left New York to go into the land of the "Cliff-Dwellers."

Mr. Warren K. Moorehead, at the head of the expedition, had had charge of several successful surveys in Ohio, and was enthusiastic at the prospect of the archæological finds in the great "unknown land." We "Easterners" were worked up to a pitch of nervous excitement, until, at the close of the third day, we could descry from the car window signs of approaching desolation. Even the seemingly endless plains, with bunches of cattle here and there, were interesting to us.

After roaring through cañons and thundering through tunnels, we found ourselves, the evening of the fourth day, whirling through the Ute Indian Reservation in southern Colorado. Fatigued, travel-worn, and tired of the monotonous click of the car-wheels, my interest was suddenly revived upon seeing the white tepees with their brown-smoked tops, and the Indians silhouetted against the small camp-fires.

The deepening twilight softened the rugged landscape, and night closing in, simple pictures, void of meaningless detail, rushed by the car window, camp after camp with thin blue streams of smoke curling up into the evening haze.

The life of the Indian seemed free, beautiful, and romantic. How different in the broad glare of day!

In a few hours we arrived at Durango, a mining town with the usual stamping-mill, smelter, numerous saloons, and gambling-dens. Two newspapers, the *Solid Muldoon* and the *Republic*, give meagre news of the outside world.

The town is surrounded by the foot-hills of the Rockies, and so abruptly and so high do they rise that one feels that at any moment they might fall and crush the town.

The first few days were spent with stock-men, grocery-men, teamsters, and cooks, and all seemed to know by intuition that it was the "tenderfoot" they had to deal with.

Our ears tingled with new names and new expressions. We must have "doubled-cinched" saddles, and so many pounds of "spuds" (potatoes). When Bill Matthews's "outfit" went out he had so and so. This "outfit" and that "outfit." A man walking by with a pick on his shoulder was an "outfit."

A train of burros and all the necessary "outfit" for Western travelling, and we were ready. With many a "good-by" and a "good luck to ye" from the inhabitants, we turned our faces toward the southwest.

Following the Animas River, running to the south between the foot-hills, we came upon a great plain. Sand, sage, and cactus, a true picture of the Southwest. The mountains in the distance, with their snowy tops, were beautiful in their softness of tone and grand proportions.

Along through the sand we plodded all day, the scene ever the same. But it was all too new yet to become monotonous.

What great sport it was to try our new Winchesters, shooting at the prairie-dogs sitting so upright on their mounds of sand, their little eyes glistening in the sun!

Night coming on, we put up our tents in a clump of cottonwood-trees, built a roaring fire, and soon had a satisfactory supper.

The next afternoon we reached Aztec, New Mexico, a village of ten or twelve houses and a population of twenty or thirty persons. Our wagon stopped in front of a saloon and hotel—a low building of adobe mud—where most of the town was congregated, waiting for the stage to bring the mail. Every one looked at our outfit with a great deal of curiosity.

One man took my fancy at once—evidently a Mexican, with small black eyes, swarthy skin, and black mustache. A broad, black, greasy hat cast a shadow over his handsome face as he sat there smoking a great black meerschaum, aimlessly whittling a piece of pine with a huge hunting-knife.

The sun was shining bright and strong on the yellow mud wall, and the red handkerchief knotted around his neck, and his blue shirt and lighter blue pants, stood out in strong relief against the yellow background. Sunny lands and bright colors! It was a veritable Italian picture.

These Aztec people are eagerly looking for a railroad, and seeing our surveying instruments, they hailed us with delight. And although they were wofully disappointed to find we were not forerunners of a railroad, they treated us hospitably, and we spent a pleasant Sunday amongst them.

By ten o'clock Monday we had the burros packed and were ready to depart. The wind was blowing strongly when we started, and in less than an hour we were in the midst of a terrible sand-storm. None of us had ever experienced anything of the kind before, and the severity of it was agonizing. One could scarcely walk against the furious wind, to say nothing of the blinding clouds of stinging sand and dust. Stronger and stronger came the storm, and deeper and deeper sifted the sand into the dim trail. Mile after mile through the howling storm we toiled, our eyes and ears filled with dust, our faces burning with the force of the flying sand, limbs aching, steps flagging.

All day raged the storm, and as it was impossible to stop for dinner, we kept on and on, until darkness found us in the valley of the La Plata River, sheltered in the midst of a thick jungle of cottonwoods and willows.

The following morning we looked around us, and found many ruins of ancient pueblos on the imposing and prominent points. The buildings, I noticed, seemed to have been placed so as to command a view of the entire horizon.

To the north extends the valley of the ever-winding Rio La Plata, far into the lands of the Utes, with its snow-clad mountains.

To the south the view is one of desolation, without one sign of civilization. Piñons, grease-wood, and sage-brush reign supreme.

There were many unmistakable signs of a prehistoric race that had lived and prospered. To the archæologist it is a locality of absorbing interest.

As the sun rose in the gap of the mountains, the morning of the 15th of April, it found our camp all bustle and hurry. The burros had wandered far away. One by one they were recaptured, and with a great deal of pulling and jumping the stubborn beasts were loaded with their pack-saddles and baggage.

At last the tents were folded, and we were away, leaving only two or three well-worn spots to mark our camp.

As we moved across the mesa our outfit made a striking picture, and one that we from the East enjoyed in every detail. The burros with their packs, which seemed much too large for them, padded along quietly and patiently, but due only to the constant watching of the two men on horses behind them.

One is our guide. He rides a small bay horse. The saddle is tremendous, with many flying strings and trappings—all so characteristic of the Western saddle. Tight-laced boots, short army jacket, a broad slouched hat, his face bronzed by the sun, and, altogether, the most interesting figure in the party.

Then come the two wagons, piled high with boxes, blankets, and baggage of every description. The cook's wagon is loaded with provisions, and one would naturally wonder what the great box filling the entire end could possibly contain; but when opened at the back it discloses to view shelves laden with pots, pans, and all kinds of kitchen utensils. Thus even in the great wilderness we have our own kitchen and pantry. Following this wagon is the pony carrying the art supplies.

We move along steadily, hour after hour, across a rocky mesa, then again down in the sandy plain. The view is strange and fascinating. Not a sign of vegetation can be seen, except an occasional piñon and a few cacti. As far as the eye roams are undulating valleys with mesas and foot-hills, and here and there a prominent point looming above all, giving to the scene a weird fascination.

Leaving one of these valleys we entered a rocky cañon. When we emerged it was past noon. At the divide we had dinner, and our tired animals were given a measure of oats, but no water. We must reach Navajo Springs for water—still many hours distant.

Near sundown we came to a small hut in the mouth of a cañon, and our guide told us we were at the Springs. Where we had expected to see a stream of sparkling water gushing from the rock we found only a stagnant pool. After the stock had been watered, hobbled, and fed, supper was soon steaming over the camp-fire. The sun vanished behind the rock cliff, and in the twilight we spread our blankets and turned in. All was quiet, save the soft wind rattling the sand through the sage-brush.

In the morning I was awakened by the whir of the coffee-mill, and the cook soon afterward hurried us up to breakfast, while the stars were shining with the late moon still in the sky. Once more we were travelling across the sandy desert, our nearest place for water the Mancos River, our guide himself hardly knowing the trail. On one of the great swells of the plain we saw a rider driving some horses rapidly toward the north. Our guide intercepted him, whereupon he gave directions as to the trail, and the doubtful information that we might possibly find water by noon, and that the trail might be dim.

At noon we came to the place where we were to find water; but, alas! nothing but a dirty pool of alkali.

On and on over the rolling plain, the sun sinking behind the top of the rise just before us. We had thought to see the Mancos River, but another plain, even wider than the first, opened to our astonished view. Then we became discouraged. The horses, with their sides sunken and gaunt, could scarcely pull the heavy wagons over the sand mounds, and it would soon be dark, and we had no water. We *must* reach the Mancos.

Darkness soon encompassed us, and it became necessary for us to walk ahead of the wagons to guide the driver, keeping the general direction as best we could. At 9.30 we heard a shot fired ahead, and we knew it was the signal that we had at last arrived at the Mancos. In twenty minutes the animals were plunged breast-deep into the water.

The guide informed me that he had seen a bright fire reflected on the water, and had immediately signalled us, but that an instant after his shot the fire had disappeared.

Later we found we were close to an Indian camp. Seeing that we were friendly, the Indians built their fire again, and an old witchlike woman, with long stringy hair flying around her wrinkled face, came with a bundle of sage twigs for our fire. Tired out, we spread our blankets around the wagon and went to sleep.

The sun shining in my face awakened me, and I found myself looking with all eyes at hundreds of goats and sheep that some Indians were driving down from the mesa on my right. Where the animals were able to find anything to chew on was more than I could discover. Mounds, hills, and towers of rock extended in every direction—the most desolate scene imaginable; the general tone brown; not a green spot to be seen. The sheep and goats were driven into a ravine whose perpendicular walls prevented them from escaping. There the Indians milked them.

We crossed the river as early as we could, for late in the day it is a rushing torrent from the melted snow from the mountains. And as it was Sunday, we stopped for the day, too tired to do anything but lounge on our blankets.

I was entertained listening to the talk of the "Westerners." Here were three of those roamers of the empty earth, who gallop over the sage-brush plains and throw responsibility to the winds.

"Bill" Matthews and George Cox were "prospectin'" when they had money enough to buy bacon, beans, and dried apples. Now they were guide and cook. When our trip has ended they will be off to the mountains, a pack-mule—laden with pick, shovel, pan, and blankets, provisions and giant powder—their sole companion.

"Bill" Matthews has been a soldier, ranchman, cow-puncher, and guide; but always turns again to the seeking of gold, and, like the gambler, stakes his all on the last throw. So great is the fascination that he will end his days an old worn-out man, breathing his last in some desolate cañon, hundreds of miles from civilization.

Cox once owned thousands of cattle. Now he owns only a strip of bad land on the Animas River, with a poor lone cabin going to ruin. From the gold pan and the quartz-crusher he expects to retrieve his fortunes.

Then the teamster, Wallace Olinger, or "Uncle Johnny," as all of us called him, is very interesting. He is past middle age; his eyes are bad and watery, and rheumatism has overtaken him. There is something about his countenance that evokes one's deepest sympathy.

As we ride along during the day it is always "Uncle Johnny" that takes great pains in answering our many questions and telling us of Western ways.

And in the evening, by the camp-fire, he would roll cigarettes in brown Mexican paper or thin corn husks, and occasionally would rub the tears from his eyes, seemingly caused by the sage-brush fire. But he had such a sorrowful expression I was tempted to believe they were caused by other than that.

One evening, sitting by the camp-fire as usual, he rolled a fresh cigarette and sat gazing into the glowing embers. Suddenly he began to tell me of his life, as if by thus unburdening himself to obtain comfort.

"I came West," he said, "while quite a young man. After a number of years I returned to the East and married a beautiful young girl. But I was ever homesick for the wild free 'West.' We moved to Kansas—one step nearer. I had trouble with my father-in-law, and in a fit of passion I killed him. Then I fled to the West to loose and lose myself in the wilderness. In the smaller towns I worked in the mines. Tiring of this, I bought four large horses to haul freight between Durango and Farmington. Two of the horses became entangled in their ropes and strangled themselves. With the two remaining I managed to make a living."

There he sits by the fire, thinking of the young wife he will never see again. Sometimes in the mornings he will tell me of the terrible dreams of the night before.

Again we are plodding and pulling through the sand.

After leaving the divide between the Mancos and the Recapture rivers we crossed a rocky mesa. Threading our way down through a tortuous cañon, we looked out upon a great plain—miles and miles of sage-green velvety expanse sloping gently towards the west.

Rising abruptly from the plain on either side are lofty cliffs that seem to rise almost perpendicularly from the plain to their bare pinnacle-studded crests, where the snow is lying in shaded patches.

During the ages of erosion towers of rock have been left standing in the plain, giving to the scene a weird and wondrous effect. The color in all is beautiful, the snuff-brown hue of the nearer towers and slopes losing itself in the blue and misty ones far away.

One could choose many a poetic foreign latitude to fit the scene, and forget that he was in southern Utah, until his eyes rested on the sage-covered plain.

We moved toward the setting sun, expecting when we reached the highest point to see the great San Juan Valley.

After days of travel over arid plains, hills, and mesas, with small supplies of bad water, what a thrilling scene presented itself to us! A wild rushing river, fed by the melting snows of the northern mountains, making its way through the fertile valley. The bottom lands, covered with a luxuriant growth of cottonwoods and willows, form an oasis in this desert, hemmed in on one side by the Navajo Mountains and on the other by a steep bluff, from the top of which begin the arid plains.

The sun is sinking, the brilliant green of the foreground, the brown of the earth and the rocks, with the misty blue overhanging the entire valley, gradually solidifying the heights and depths, until the whole forms a single grand silhouette of the Navajo Mountains. In the prospect of a pleasant night in the beautiful valley our journey down the cañon is borne with patience.

Is it possible in any fertile spot in Utah, no matter how remote from civilization, not to find a prosperous band of Mormons? It might have been so before '79, but now we find many interesting settlements. One, a carefully laid out village, built on the bottom-lands between the San Juan River and the cliffs, is fitly called Bluff City.

From the oldest inhabitants I learned that the founding of Bluff City was attended with greater suffering and more arduous labor than any other like scheme of colonization, and that since 1847 the Mormons have founded two thousand colonies from Canada to Mexico.

I cannot imagine a finer example of Mormon enterprise than these two hundred people, with their log houses, their wealth of cattle and horses, leaving good homes, and facing the dangers and hardships of an unknown country.

To-day, approaching the beautiful village of Bluff, I could scarcely realize the trials and struggles said to have been endured. We were in a beautiful though quiet country, the features of the landscape clearly marked by ditches of water, the broad green fields diversified by trees and hedgerows. Through the trees we could see the glistening white of the great cliffs—the walls surrounding this paradise.

A turn in the road brought us to the town itself, and on to a broad sunshiny street, where the trees on either side are photographed on its spotless surface.

And such quaint houses! almost obscured in blossoming fruit trees, flowers, and climbing vines; while the dirt-covered roofs, grown over with grass and wild flowers, are veritable hanging gardens. They are all much alike, these cottages, individual taste cropping out here and there in a brush-covered veranda, or a bed of bright flowers in the door-yard. Cottonwood, locust, and box-elder trees canopy with grateful foliage every avenue, and the gutters flow sparkling streams of snow-water, that dashes over beds of pebbles like native brooks The settlers did not stop with the planting of vegetables and a little grain; they at once began a nursery of fruit and shade trees: ornament and comfort were not forgotten.

In the centre of the town is the Indian trading-post and supply-house, a good substantial building of hewn logs. In picturesque groups about the buildings stood Navajo Indians, straight and perfectly motionless, clad in wonderfully woven and beautifully colored blankets, gazing at us with all the curiosity of children. Others, with their blankets spread on the ground before them, were playing a game with Spanish cards, and so much interested as to who would win the pile of cartridges they did not even notice our approach.

Further along the street, on the same block, we found a long low building of logs, with grass-grown roof. A small bell perched on the comb of the roof calls the people to church, the children to school, and in the long winter evenings the young folks to the dance.

And the whole town seemed to be at church the following Sunday afternoon. Young men with bronzed faces, who had been herding cattle during the week, were loitering around the door, feeling awkward and uncomfortable in their Sunday clothes; young women in stiff white dresses and gayly decorated hats, their hands red from labor in the fields; old men, old women, mothers with their children, all of peculiar interest.

The weather is not the chief topic of conversation in this country, for "the sun never stops shining." The sunshine of the San Juan country is its glory and its riches. Day follows day, month follows month, without a cloud.

We drove all over the country near Bluff City, taking in final impressions, which were like our first.

During our halt there an old prospector—Duckett by name—came running into our camp, excited and gold-crazed at a recent find of his. His hands were filled with specimens of mineral ore, and a cartridge-bag, swung over his shoulder, hung heavy with the precious pay dirt. After years of wandering in the San Juan Valley and the Navajo Mountains, attended only by disappointment, he now was confident he had "struck it," and all his golden dreams were about to be realized. Jubilantly he told me his partner had gone to Durango to have the metal assayed. It is reasonable to suppose that this was the beginning of the recent great exodus to the Bluff settlement.

The morning we left it it seemed to me I had never seen anything more beautiful than the fruit trees, so richly pink in all the gardens. Light and color are an abiding association with the San Juan Valley.

CAPTAIN LATTAMORE.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

I.

ALL the Fareham women—women being as superior to logical sequence seventy years ago as some of them are now—were hot for hanging Captain Lattamore anyway. They said that a man who certainly had been a pirate, and who certainly had murdered his wife, ought to be hung in short order, and if the law couldn't hang him, why then it was so much the worse for the law.

But the Fareham men, being steady-going and sensible, objected to the premises of the women and denied their conclusions. They said that the only proof that the captain had been a pirate was found in his own loose talk when he had been drinking; and that as to having murdered his wife, there was no proof at all. The two had lived alone on Loveladies Island, two miles out in the bay—the captain was the keeper of the Loveladies Light—and all that anybody could say positively was that the woman had died there. That the captain's treatment of her had been brutal; that she had died suddenly; that the captain had kept her death a secret until long after he himself had buried her on the island without any sort of a funeral: these were points, the men admitted, which told against him heavily; but they were not proofs that would gibbet him—as anybody but a woman would have sense enough to know.

Nobody knew much about the captain. According to his own account of himself, he had served on board of a government ship in the war then lately ended—that is to say, the war of 1812—and had been appointed light-keeper at Loveladies as a reward for his services to his country afloat. This was all well enough; but what was not well—even before his wife came to her dismal ending—was his talk when in his cups about his doings down among the West India Islands and on the coast of the Spanish Main. Even when he was roaring drunk he never got beyond hints and suggestions; but these, being pieced together, gave such a notion of deviltries done as to send the blood of his respectable listeners running cold in their veins.

Before he took charge of the light regularly, he came down to Fareham to have a look about him and to get at the lay of the land. During this visit he made his quarters with the widow Burgess—whose widowhood began when the *Laughing Jane*, whaler, was nipped in the ice, up to the northward, and who made a living by boarding and lodging respectable seafaring men. Captain Lattamore was so polite, and looked so well in his blue uniform—something like that of a sea-lieutenant—that the widow did not for a moment hesitate about taking him in. But the very first night she found out what a mistake she had made: when he sat up in her kitchen until after twelve o'clock, brewing himself one glass of punch after another and roaring out strong sea-songs in a way that fairly made the kitchen windows rattle, and that made the widow feel that if she were not a widow she certainly would have to stop her ears; and when she came down stairs in the morning, there was the captain stretched out on the kitchen table, with a pan of bread that she had set to rise overnight for a pillow, fast asleep.

The widow Burgess had a temper of her own, and she then and there blazed out like a ten-gun brig firing a broadside. Out of her house, and that very minute, she said that the captain had got to go! But the captain—when he had shaken off enough of his sleep to understand what she was saying to him—just looked at her for a minute or so with his big black eyes, while he twisted up the ends of his big black mustache and ran his fingers through his long black beard, and then, without so much as answering her, ordered her to get him his breakfast and to be d—— quick about it, too! There was no doing anything with such a masterful man as that, the widow concluded; and so she did get him his breakfast in a hurry, and also brought him the pitcher of fresh water that he cried out for to mix his morning stiffener of grog.

Outside of the house Captain Lattamore made himself quite as unpleasant as he did inside of it. When he took his walks about the town he always carried a brace of pistols stuck into the red sash that he wore about his waist; and he had a trick of fingering these pistols, when anything happened to be said that he did not exactly like, that made everybody around him exceedingly nervous. Most of the time that he was not over at Loveladies, looking at the island and the light, he spent down on Herriott's wharf: walking up and down, in regular quarter-deck fashion, or sitting on the bench beside the oil-house in which the oil was stored when Captain Herriott's whaler, the *Bird of Dawn*, came home. Usually he smoked a short black pipe; and he always carried under his arm a large spy-glass that he was forever whipping out and levelling at every sail that came in sight out on the bay. If anybody spoke to him, the chances were that that body would get roundly cursed for his pains; and even the best that could be hoped for by way of answer was a grunt or a growl. When he was in a bad humor, and that seemed to be most of the time, he fell to hectoring everybody he came across; and if the hectored person plucked up a little courage and ventured to talk back to him, he had his hands on his pistols right away. He was not what would be called a companionable man.

The only approach to a friend that Captain Lattamore ever had in Fareham was Christopher Herriott, usually known as Kit Herriott, Captain Herriott's son. Kit would not have picked out the captain for a friend; but he did pick him out of the water one day—when the captain's dory, as he was pulling back from Loveladies, was upset in the tide-riff that forms on Taffrail Shoal when the last of the ebb meets the young flood. It is a bad place. People who get tangled up in that tide-riff usually get upset; and then they almost certainly drown. Kit happened to be coming up the bay just then, and he managed to get through the rough water to the captain, and out safely into the smooth water again with the captain hanging fast to his stern. Then he rowed after the upset dory, and helped the captain to right it and to get on board again. While all this was going on the captain never spoke a word. And all that he did say, finally, just as he was beginning to pull away, was: "I guess *you* have backbone."

But Kit, being justly proud of what he had done, could not help having a rather kindly feeling toward the captain for giving him the chance to do it. After that he always nodded to the captain when they met; and sometimes, when their encounter was on the water and beyond the influence of public opinion, they even would have a little talk now and then—about fish, or the weather, or the whalers coming or going on the bay—for which small show of friendship the captain seemed to be grateful from the first, and almost pathetically grateful after he fairly had got under his black cloud.

II.

The cloud closed in on him very soon after his second coming to Fareham—a month or so after his first visit—when he returned to take charge of the Loveladies Light. Of all things in the world for such a man to bring with him, the captain brought a beautiful young bride—a delicate slip of a golden-haired girl, whose golden hair and fair beauty were emphasized in a manner almost startling by a pair of great brown eyes so melting soft that but a single glance from them it would seem must live forever in a man's soul.

Only the widow Burgess—at whose house the captain left his wife while attending to shifting the stores he had brought down from the wagon to the boat—had a chance really to get a good look at this delicately beautiful creature; and all the rest of Fareham, therefore, had to take the wonder at second hand in her report of it. Some parts of her report were accepted with several grains of salt. She asserted that the young wife turned pale when she heard her husband returning to take her to the boat; that he dragged rather than led her to the wharf; that as the boat drew away from the land there was in her great brown eyes a look of absolute despair: all of which, her hearers were disposed to believe, seemed to be so entirely unreasonable in the case of a bride and bridegroom that its genesis was more likely to be in prejudice than in fact. That a touch of jealousy might have tinged her statement was not at all impossible. As was well known in Fareham, the widow Burgess, being herself a sturdy person with a natural contempt for weaklings, had cherished a very kindly feeling toward the captain from the moment when he so masterfully had carried her kitchen by the board. But, even allowing for misrepresentation, all the rest of the women conceded that the case was a very queer one and ought to be investigated without a moment's delay.

The next thing that happened only made the queerness more queer. Being, as a matter of course, crazy to get the rights of the story, some of the women presently got their husbands to take them across to Loveladies to welcome the bride, as they put it, to her new home. As the boat stood into the dock the captain came running down from the light-house and roared out to keep off. He had on his red sash full of pistols—and when the men, thinking that he was only joking, tried to lay the boat alongside the dock, he did not stop at merely fingering those weapons. In a flash he whipped them out, one in each hand, and as he pointed them straight at the boat, cried out in a terrible voice that if they did not sheer off instantly two of the party instantly would be dead men! After such a broad hint as that they did sheer off, and in a hurry. It did not seem worth while to make a polite call on a bride under fire of the pistols of the groom.

To do the captain justice, the rule in social etiquette that he had established for himself was made to work both ways. On his side he was as consistently determined not to have anything to do with the Fareham people as he was determined that they should not have anything to do with him. Once or twice a month he would come over from Loveladies to buy stores; but he never would say a civil word to anybody, and whoever had the temerity to say a word, civil or uncivil, to him usually was sorry for it. A regular part of his stores always was a keg of Newburyport rum; and it was evident enough—from his thick and stumbling talk, and from his lurching gait, and from the way in which he sailed his boat—that he kept himself steadily soaked with this beverage all the way in to the marrow of his bones.

It was not a great while before the fact became plain enough to everybody that poor Mrs. Lattamore was just as much a prisoner on Loveladies Island as though she had been locked up in the New Bedford jail—and with a much worse jailer, for the New Bedford jailer belonged to a Fareham family, and was a very respectable man. She never came up to town with the captain; she very rarely was seen even walking about the island. Frequently, though, people sailing past the island caught glimpses of her sitting at one of the upstairs windows of the little house on the roof of which was the light-tower; and on several occasions, when boats had happened to stand close in, she had stepped back from the window—so as to be out of range of the captain, who always was marching around outside—and with a wild eagerness of longing had beckoned to the by-passers as though entreating them to come to her aid. But with the captain right there, with his belt full of pistols—and guns in the house, too, very likely—nobody had felt like taking all the chances which were involved in going ashore.

The Fareham women-folk got very indignant over all this; and they talked away at the men until the men decided that very likely something had better be done. But when it came to doing it, that was another matter. After all, the men said, it wasn't good manners to meddle in other people's family affairs—and each of them was thinking all the while that it would be a risky business to administer moral correction to the captain when there was about a dead certainty that he would out with his pistols and answer them with a bang.

III.

That things were getting worse and worse on Loveladies Island was perfectly clear. One day, as Si Barkum was standing in pretty close to the light on his way across the bay, Mrs. Lattamore came running down to the shore beckoning to him and waving in her hand what seemed to be a letter. Si guessed pretty well that she wanted him to take the letter and send it to her friends; and as the captain was not anywhere in sight he had more than half a mind to slide in to land and get the letter and take it along.

Si knew, though, that the captain might turn up at any minute, and that he had better take care what he was about. And, as he said afterwards, it was a blamed good thing that he felt that way and went slow—for while he was holding his boat up in the wind, studying over what he had better do, out the captain came from the light-house and tearing down to where his wife was standing in a way that showed he was in a boiling rage. With one hand he snatched the letter away from her, and with the other he grabbed her so savagely by the arm that she cried out with the pain of it and nearly fell. "Go back to the house!" he roared; and as he spoke he fetched her a blow on the side of her head with his open hand so hard that it half stunned her—as Si saw by the way that she staggered as she walked away. And then he out with one of his pistols and fired a shot so close to Si's head that Si heard the bullet whistle. "Off with you!" he shouted, and levelled the other pistol. Si did not wait for any more orders! He put his boat on the wind and away he went—expecting every second that the captain would fire. But the captain did not fire. He stood there holding his pistol until Si was well clear of the island, and then he walked quickly to the light-house and went inside. A minute or two later Si thought that he heard a scream—but the wind was flawy, and he could not be quite sure.

There was a good deal of stir up in town when Si—still looking pale and scared—got home and told about what had happened. Things came, indeed, almost to a climax. Old Captain Warble, who allowed that he was too old to go himself, said that it was the duty of the young men of the town to go down to Loveladies and rescue Mrs. Lattamore if necessary by force of arms; and that if the captain happened to get killed it would be all the better job. But the young men did not see things in just that way. Si Barkum said frankly that he "wasn't a-goin' t' put himself near them blamed big pistols agin"; and while none of the others spoke out with Si's honesty it was plain enough that the pistols were in all of their minds. And so nothing came of the talk about a rescuing party; and as a month went by without any fresh news from the island—although several dare-devil young fellows repeatedly ran within half a mile of the shore—the excitement sort of died out.

And then the interest revived suddenly and in a very melancholy way.

One day Captain Lattamore came up from the light in his dory as sober as a judge. The moment that he stepped ashore and his phenomenal condition was observed everybody felt certain that something strange, probably something dreadful, had occurred; and nobody was much surprised, therefore, when he said that his wife was dead. He was very pale as he told about it, and he spoke hesitatingly. She had been sick for a good while, he said; and that was the reason why, he added, he had not wanted visitors on the island. This struck everybody as being a very bad reason, but nobody felt moved to tell him so. Her sickness had got worse and worse, he went on, and at last she had died. That was all.

"When did she die?" Deacon Harbud asked. "This morning?"

"No, no, it weren't *this* morning," the captain answered, slowly and reflectively. "I disremember which day it were exactly—but I know it were at th' full o' the moon. I'm sure about that, 'cause when I finished a-buryin' her th' moon were a-risin', an' I remember thinkin' how fond she were of starin' at th' moon with them big eyes of hern."

"But that was better'n three weeks ago," Deacon Harbud said, in great astonishment. "And you buried her like that—without any funeral and with no service at the grave?"

"Three weeks is about my reckonin' of it," the captain replied. "An' as t' funerals, they ain't much in my line, nor yet is services at graves. That's all there is to tell about it. I jest thought I'd better come over and tell what there was t' tell, as like as not you wouldn't hear about it if I didn't, and you might like to know." He was silent for a moment, as though waiting to answer any questions which might be asked. But even Deacon Harbud was too much upset to speak a word, and the rest of course were stone-dumb. "Well, I must be goin' now," he continued. "It's gettin' t' be time t' light up." And then he walked slowly back to the wharf, got into his dory, and so pulled away down the bay.

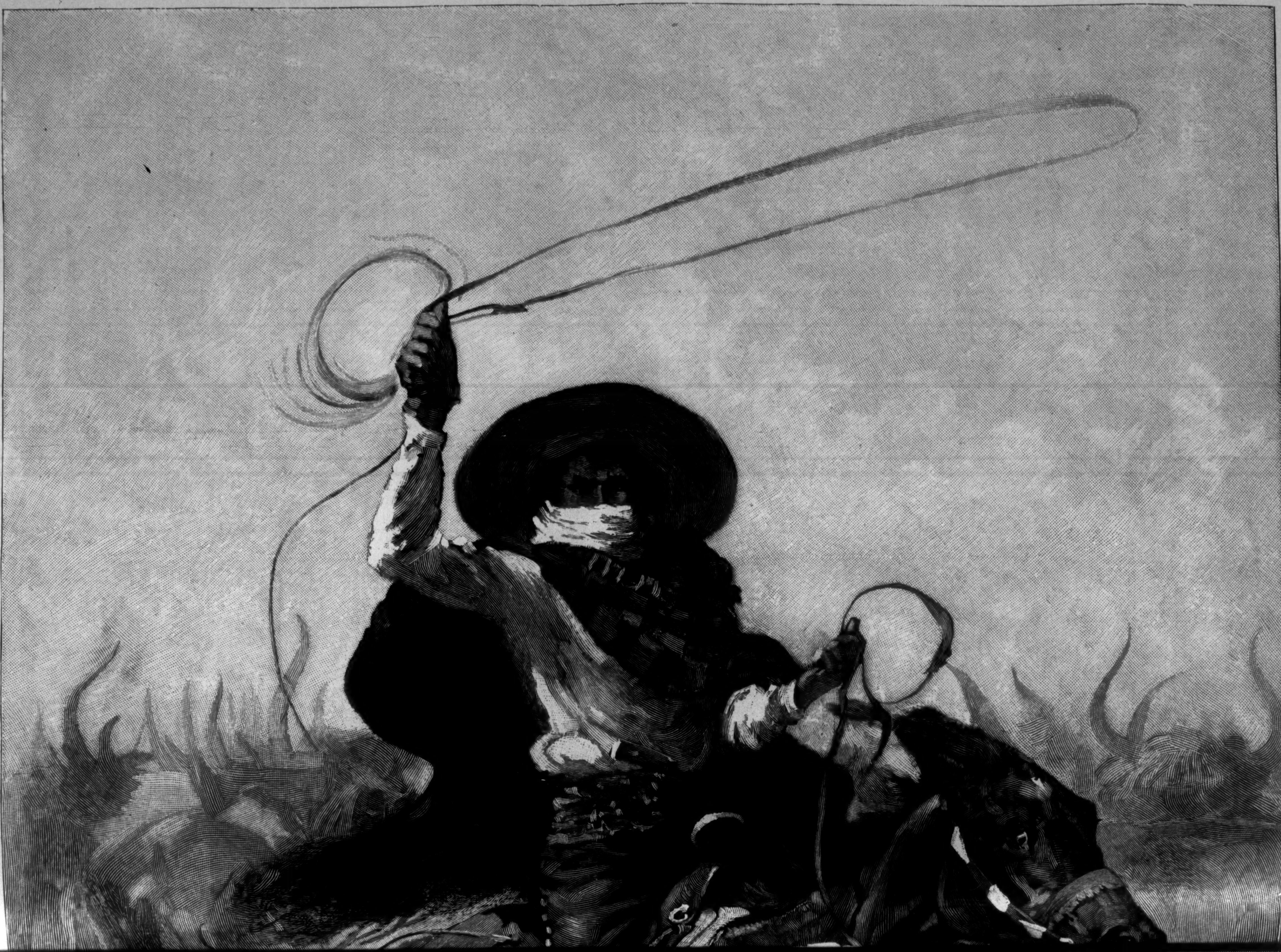
If there had been any backbone worth speaking of in the back of a single one of the Fareham men it is reasonable to suppose that Captain Lattamore would have been arrested that very day, and taken over to the New Bedford jail, and thereafter put on trial for his life. But backboniness was not a Fareham characteristic—among the men, at least: there was plenty of it among the women, and they all, as I have said, were hot for hanging him, trial or no trial—and nothing was done to the captain at all. The Fareham men, contenting themselves with saying that a case could not be proved against him, went on with their own work: which was getting a living in one way or another out of the sea; and the captain, contented with being let alone, went on with his own work: which was keeping the light burning steadily by night, and keeping himself—his phenomenal sobriety was only momentary—steadily full of Newburyport rum both by night and by day. And so matters rested for close on to a year.

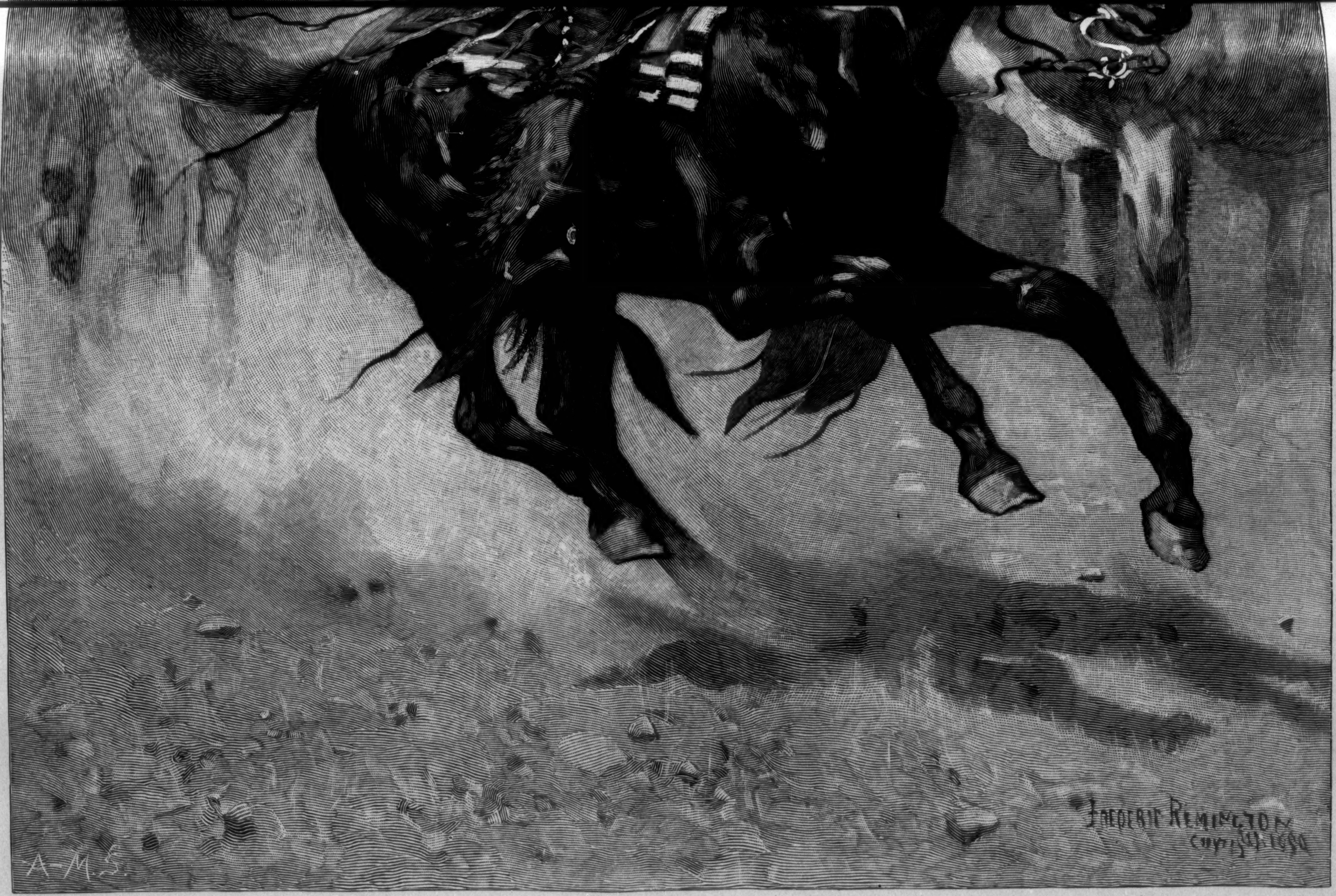
IV.

It was toward the end of this year that Kit Herriott, coming home from a good day's fishing on Taffrail Shoal, fell in with Captain Lattamore late one afternoon down the bay. The meeting was one that Kit would have avoided had avoidance been possible; but the captain—who evidently had been on the lookout with his glass—pulled out from Loveladies just in time to head him off in Rousby's Reach, and so had him foul. Nor did the captain give Kit a chance to choose between speaking to him and not speaking to him when they came together. He laid his dory alongside of Kit's, and at the same time took a turn with a rope's end about the thole-pins of both boats, so as to make sure that they should stay together until he had said what he wanted to say. It was a good place for a private conversation: the nearest land, excepting Loveladies Island, was Rousby's Point—that loomed far off against the fading glow of a red sunset; and the only boat in sight was a full mile away.

Kit was shocked by the look of the captain when he thus got sight of him at short range. Of a sudden he was come to be a worn and withered old man. In his black eyes—which always had seemed bold enough to stare the very devil himself out of countenance—there was a harried and hunted look, and they shifted quickly and uneasily as though following after some object floating in the air. Upon him, as was plain enough, a dark dread weighed heavily; and when he spoke—although no one but Kit could have heard him had he yelled his heart out—he spoke almost in a whisper, and his voice was hoarse and queer.

"Kit," he said, "I want you t' come over t' th' island with me an' let me shet my mind of somethin' by tellin' you all there is t' tell. Don't say you won't," he went on, hur-




FREDERIC REMINGTON
copyright 1890
A-M-S.

"TORO, TORO!"—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 1183.]

An Old-Time Californian Vaquero after a Wild Steer.

riedly. "It's nateral fur you t' say you won't—but don't do it now. It 'll be th' savin' of my life t' let me talk out t' you this thing that's a-killin' of me, Kit; an' you won't have no more bothers with me, fur I'm a-goin' away—ever so far away, to a part of th' world where them big eyes o' hern won't come a-pesterin' me, an' where it's warm breezes an' sweet sunshine all th' time. An' you'll be well paid fur comin', Kit, fur I'm a-goin' t' make you a present of a hull boat-load of golden money—givin' it to you partly 'cause you're th' only one that's ever been friendly t' me of all th' folks around here, an' partly 'cause I wants you t' keep on thinkin' friendly of me sometimes when I'm gone away t' them far-off lands. It's worth havin', Kit, money is—leastways, honest money is, and this is honest money if ever there were any in this world—so jest you come along."

That the captain was as mad as a March hare seemed to be the most plausible explanation of his wild talk. But the offer of a boat-load of gold, even though it came from a crazy man, was an offer so stimulating and so alluring as to set Kit all athrill with a wondering longing in which doubt contended with very eager desire.

While he still hesitated, the captain cast off the line that held the boats together, and got his oars into the water. "Come on to th' island, Kit," he said. "What I've got t' tell is t' be told there; an' th' money's there too—that great load of golden money I'm a-goin' t' give you 'cause more'n anybody else you've stood by me an' been my friend. When I've said my say out, you takes it aboard, you does, that golden money, an' away you goes—richer'n any young feller in all these here regions of th' world."

As he finished speaking, the captain swung away toward Loveladies with a long steady stroke—and in something less than ten seconds Kit was pulling after him with jerky eagerness—while his heart pounded like a trip-hammer and his brain was all on fire. Nor did his ardor at all cool in the twenty minutes or so that the pull lasted. Indeed, he still more quivered with the excitement of this rare adventure as he stepped ashore on the little dock that for so long a time no feet save the captain's had pressed; and then, following in the captain's wake, went up to the light-house along the grass-grown path.

It was after sunset when they landed, and the captain—leaving Kit in what always had been the living-room—hurried up into the little tower to light the lamp. "It's th' last time ever that lamp's lighted by me, Kit!" he said as he started up the spiral stair; and this strange statement, while it fitted in well enough with what the captain had been saying about leaving those parts, served to stir up Kit's wonder more and more.

But without any words of the captain's to puzzle over, he found enough of a marvel in the room where he was left for the moment alone. He remembered this room very well in the old light-keeper's time, when it had been merely an ordinary living-room—a sort of kitchen and sitting-room combined. As he now found it, it was less like a living-room than a fort. The two windows were walled up inside, but with a loop-hole left in each through which a musket could be fired; while the door, also loop-holed, was re-enforced by two thicknesses of two-inch plank, and had handily beside it a pile of rocks with which it could be barricaded in a moment after it was closed. On a rack in the middle of the room—just where the dining-table used to stand—were a dozen muskets and a cutlass, the muskets loaded and primed, as Kit found by turning up one of the pan-guards, and the cutlass naked and ready for instant use; while on a shelf that was a part of the rack were a couple of boxes of cartridges and a powder-horn. On the mantel-piece—above where the cooking-stove had stood—were four pairs of horse-pistols, which also were loaded and primed—and had with them fixed ammunition and a horn of priming-powder; scattered about the room so that everywhere one was within reach were wooden clubs, something like belaying-pins but larger and heavier; in each corner stood a boarding-pike; and four or five more cutlasses, but these in their sheaths, hung upon the walls. The place was a very arsenal!

V.

While Kit still was examining, wonderingly, these prodigious preparations for defence, the captain came down again from lighting the lamp.

"I'm safe *here*, eh, Kit?" he said, with a sort of a chuckle under his breath and still speaking in a kind of a whispering growl.

"Safe from what?" Kit asked.

"From them that's after me, Kit—from th' hunderds an' hunderds that's after me t' stretch my neck! I don't say they ain't right t' be after me, fur some folks might hold it t' be a hangin' matter what I've done. But it truly weren't, you know, fur I didn't go t' hit her hard. What's more, I didn't. I'd been a-drinkin', an' maybe I hit a bit harder'n I had a mind to. But it weren't reelly hard. I've hit lots o' fellers harder'n I hit her—jest in fun, you know—an' nothin' ever come of it. She were so weakly an' mis'rable, that were what did it—not my hittin' hard at all."

The captain was silent for a moment, and then with a long sigh he went on again:

"But them that's after me, Kit, don't look at it that way. *They* thinks what I done wasn't done chanceways, but apurpose. An' so they wants t' ketch me an' hang me fur it, they does—all them thousan's an' thousan's of 'em after jest one man. 'Tain't fair, Kit, fur s' many to get after jest one like that; is it, now? But they'll never ketch me here, Kit; leastways, bein' all them thousan's of 'em, they may get in at last, but they won't never ketch me alive. An' I guess a good many o' them cowardly fellers 'll be more'n sorry they ever sot 'emselves t' try! Jest you look a-here in th' chimbly, Kit, an' see what I've got all sassy an' ready for 'em if ever they gits inside o' these walls!"

Kit's hair fairly bristled as he listened to this wild and rambling talk—that yet had to it an under-meaning so deadly clear. All the same, though, lacking neither pluck nor curiosity, he was eager to see what the captain had in readiness should his outer defences be carried by storm.

By this time the room was nearly dark. The captain lighted a candle, and—after pulling away the fire-board from in front of the great chimney-place—got down on his hands and knees and held the candle up the chimney and beckoned to Kit to kneel by his side. What Kit saw, a little way up the chimney, was a thing that looked something like a big wooden musket; and made fast to what seemed to be the trigger was a light line which thence was brought down into the room.

"You can't make it out, Kit, can you, now?" said the captain, with a rumbling chuckle. "Well, you see, it's jest a little sort o' contrivance of my own. There's flints in it, an' also there's steels. Bein' a good many flints, an' likewise a good many steels, she's jest dead certain sure t' go. I goes too, in course. But goin' that a-way is better'n hangin', Kit, a heap better—an' I has th' comfort o' knowin' that I'm takin' them cowardly fellers that's after me along. See?"

Kit did not see, and his puzzled look said so as plain as words.

"Why, it's this a-way, Kit," the captain went on, putting his mouth close to Kit's ear and speaking in a whisper that sounded like a growl. "It's this a-way: Right under where we're a-squattin' now, right smack under us, there's five kags o' powder—enough powder t' blow this hull light-house clean acrost th' bay! I jest gives this line a jerk—that's when they gets in an' thinks they has me, you know—an' away we all goes together with a tremjous bang!" For a moment the captain was silent, and then he added: "I say, Kit, I've more'n half a mind t' jerk her off now! What d' you say—shall I?"

The captain seized the line as he spoke, and the wild look that was in his eyes as he turned to ask this question struck such a chill of horror into Kit's heart that for an instant its very beating stopped short. And then, by way of answer, he scrambled to his feet, bolted through the doorway, and tore down the path to his boat as hard as ever he could go—all the while expecting to hear the roar of the exploding mine and to be struck down by the volley of flying stones.

Having got safely on board his boat, the catastrophe still hanging fire, Kit knew that the most sensible thing for him to do was to pull away from the island as fast as he could swing his oars. On the other hand, curiosity bade him stay: in case the captain did blow himself up, he greatly wanted to see him go.

VI.

However, instead of making this display of personal pyrotechnics for Kit's benefit, the captain presently came shambling down the path through the gathering darkness, and his quiet manner as he walked out on the dock showed that his fit of madness had passed by. He brought with him a small box, which seemed to be prodigiously heavy from the way he handled it, and this he put aboard of Kit's dory without a word. When he had settled the box to his mind in the stern of the boat, he stepped back on the dock, took a turn or two up and down it in quarter-deck fashion, and then spoke to Kit in a tone that was quiet enough yet very sad.

"I'm sorry I scart you, Kit," he said. "Y' see I kind of gets crazy when I thinks o' things. Many an' many a time I've had my hand on that line an' a'most jerked it—like as I did jest now—jest t' get shet o' my terr'ble thoughts! It's terr'bler 'an I can tell, bein' alone on this island with—with *her!* I keeps a-seein' her, y' know—seein' her sort o' standin' around an' lookin' at me sorrowful like with them big brown eyes o' hern, th' same as she did after I hit her that day. It's killin' me, Kit, stayin' here alone with them big sorrowful eyes—an' so I'm a-goin' t' shet myself of it by goin' away. I'm a-goin' a long way off—where them that's after me 'll never think o' lookin', an' where its sunshiny an' pleasant all th' year round. There's some friends o' mine—an' jolly good fellers they is, too—down in them sunshiny parts. They'll be glad t' see me agin; an' they'll help me t' forgit things—when we're all a-drinkin' friendly together, an' not askin' no questions, an' talkin' about th' good old days. Oh my God! Kit, I wish I were there right now!"

The captain took another turn or two up and down the dock, as though to calm himself; and then he went on again:

"But before I goes, Kit, I wants t' square things with you. I was obleeged t' you fur fishin' me out that day when I was like t' be drownded atween th' turn o' th' tides. I was obleeged t' you fur doin' that, all so quick an' bold; but what I'm most obleeged t' you fur is what you've done sence—your noddin' t' me, friendly like, an' now an' then speakin' a civil word t' me, when nobody else in all th' world would open their mouths t' me t' so much as d—— my eyes. They've been better'n meat an' drink t' me, Kit, them friendly ways o' yourn has; an' specially thinkin' about 'em when I've been a-settin' here all alone an' *she's* been a-comin' and a-goin', worritin' me with her looks—most times jest them two big brown eyes a-sort o' floatin' around sorrowful in th' air—an' I've been wild with wonderin' how soon all them thousan's of cowardly fellers that's after me would get here an' I'd have t' jerk that line! At sech times as them it's been only my thinkin' about your friendly ways as has kep' me from goin' roarin' ravin' wild. An' so, bein' very much obleeged t' you, Kit, fur what you've done, I'm a-makin' you a present of th' honest money that's in that box afore I goes. I've got some more that ain't honest; but that I'll keep fur myself an' the curse that goes with it—seein' that money is useful, an' it don't matter much if I takes an extry curse or two along with me t' hell.

"But this money o' yourn in th' box, Kit, was come by fair and square. An' I comed by it this a-way: We was a-sailin' along, me an' a party o' gentlemen friends o' mine as was all in business together, in a schooner down among the West Injy Islands—th' friends I'm a-goin' back to now, Kit, an' all of 'em as good fellers as ever was. An' as we was a-sailin' along that a-way we overhauls a ship with her sails mos'ly blowed t' bits, an' a-yawin' about like as if nobody was to th' wheel. So aboard of her we goes—thinkin' as mebbe we might be doin' her folks a good turn, you understand—an' th' only livin' thing on her was a yaller cat: as come an' rubbed hisself sociable agin my legs, an' kind o' meauered as much as t' say as how he'd been lonely an' was glad t' see some folks agin.

"She were a Spanish ship; an' we jedged frum her looks an' frum there bein' some water in her as how a gale had struck her, an' as how her crew—bein' only Dagoes, an' cowards born—had got away th' fust chance, seein' as her long-boat were gone. But whose she had been we didn't care. Desarted she were on th' high seas, an' on th' high seas we found her; an' so, by the law of th' high seas, she were ours. An' sech a prize as she were don't get took often outside o' dreams! Aboard that ship, Kit, there was riches sech as you never see! There was silks, an' there was cloths, an' there was spices, an' there was wine an' spirits enough t' keep all hands of us as drunk as lords fur a year! An' there was loads of other things; an' th' best of all, down in th' run, right under th' cabin where the captain allus could keep his eye on 'em, was two-an'-twenty boxes of treasure: ducats, an' doubloons, an' moidores, an' sech like outlandish stuff—but all of it true golden money, an' in sech quantities as was fit t' make you holler your very heart out jest fur joy!

"An' so bein' ours, an' ours honest, we took that ship into a quiet harbor that we knowed about in them parts, me an' them gentlemen friends o' mine did; an' we made as many passels of what was aboard of her as there was of we; an' then we draw'd lots fur 'em, all reg'lar, an' so ev'ry man of us got his own passel, fair and square, of that great prize.

"When we'd sheered it all up, sheer an' sheer alike, me an' them friends o' mine, we'd ev'ry man of us a big fortin. An' so some of us, an' I were one of 'em, allowed as we'd give up th' seafarin' business an' go an' spend our money in livin' han'some ashore. So we borrows a schooner from some folks who happened jest then t' come sailin' along, an' who hadn't no business t' be sailin' around like that anyway; and aboard of her, havin' cleared the folks out of her, we loads our sheers all snug an' comfortable; an' then we says good-by t' th' rest o' them gentlemen, an' away we comes jest as friendly an' happy as you please. An' so you see, Kit, this here money that I'm a-givin' you is as much honest money as if you'd a-got it all reg'lar out o' th' New Bedford bank."

VII.

Several times while the captain was telling this wonderful story Kit had pinched himself to make sure that it was not all a dream; and when what seemed to be the end of it thus was reached his wits were too widely scattered to permit him to make an immediate reply. However, an immediate reply was not necessary. As it turned out, the story was not quite finished; and presently, while he was trying to pull himself together, the captain went on:

"Some of our tradin' in th' big schooner down in them seas had been a little queer, Kit—not jest what you'd call reg'lar, y' know—and it weren't quite wholesome fur us t' be much where we'd see many folks; an' that was why I come down t' this out-o'-th'-way little place t' lie by; bein' able by th' help of a friend o' mine, who'd knowed me in war-times aboard a government ship, t' get made keeper of th' light. An' if I'd a-been sensible an' jest a-settled down quiet an' hadn't got married, I guess everything would 'a' gone all right. It was gettin' married that spiled th' hull game. She were a sweet little thing, she were; but she begun t' rile me frum a'most th' start by not likin' it when I took a drink or two more'n was good fur me now an' then. That was th' hull trouble; only it kep' a-gettin' worse an' worse until—until that day. But I didn't go t' hurt her, not reelly t' hurt her bad, y' know, Kit; an' that's th' everlastin' truth. You see, I'd been used t' hittin' men; an' I never thought it wouldn't be the same with her—forgettin' her bein' so weak an' small. You haven't no idee, Kit, how terr'ble weak an' small an' how white she looked after—afterwards, you know. That's one of th' ways I keep a-seein' her; but mos'ly it's jest her two big brown sorrowful eyes a-floatin' an' a-floatin' in the air. I can't stand it, Kit, bein' alone all th' time on this here island with them sorrowful eyes allus a-follerin' me around—it's a-drivin' me jest ravin' wild. An' that's why I'm a-goin' back t' them southerly parts; where I've jolly friends aplenty an' where th' breezes allus is soft an' pleasant and where it's sunshiny all th' time. Them eyes o' hern won't come after me down there—leastways I hope they won't—an' so I'll have some sort of a show t' live.

"That's the hull matter, Kit: makin' you know why I wants t' get away, an' how obleeged I am t' you fur bein' friendly t' me, an' that it's honest money I'm a-givin' you—bein' took by rights out of a Spanish ship me an' them friends o' mine found desarted and a-floatin' around all alone. You've got it all, all o' that golden money, in th' box down there in your dory—and all you've got t' do now is jest t' row home with it acrost th' bay."

What to do in this thrilling emergency Kit did not at all know. The temptation to accept the captain's gift was strong; but he was not well up in the law applicable to such cases, and he had a hazy notion that if he did accept it he might find himself shortly locked up in the New Bedford jail. How to answer the captain was a problem, therefore, that he could not solve. However, the captain did not seem to expect any answer; indeed, almost as soon as he had finished speaking he seemed to forget about Kit entirely—for he straightway fell to walking up and down the dock through the darkness, while he waved his arms about him and mumbled disjointed words. Presently his gestures became more violent and he spoke coherently and aloud.

"They'll never dare t' come here, them cowards!" he cried. "Them hunderds an' hunderds after one man—they'll never dare t' come! An' if they does come, I'm ready for 'em! I'll shoot 'em all—an' up goes th' rest of 'em when I touches off th' mine!" He was at the end of the dock as he uttered these words, directly above the dory in which Kit was seated; and as he swung around in his walk and faintly saw through the gloom a boat with a man in it, he jerked his pistols from his belt and uttered an angry yell.

"Keep off!" he shouted. "Keep off, I say! If you try t' land here you're a dead man. Off with you, or I'll shoot you all!"

As he spoke, he gave the dory a strong shove with his foot that sent it well out from the dock; and then stood with both pistols levelled at it full. Thus persuaded, it is not surprising that Kit dug his oars into the water deep and hard—and thereby, probably, his life was saved: for the shot that the captain fired, just as the boat sprung forward, instead of going through Kit's body, did no more than plough an ugly gash in his thigh. An instant later the second ball whistled so close above his head that he felt the wind of it as it passed. By the time that the captain, having reloaded, fired again, Kit was so well covered by the darkness that the balls went wild—but for what seemed to him to be a large slice of eternity shots continued to drop around him, and he continued to hear the captain's roars of rage and his shouts to the cowards to begone. In spite of his wounded leg he made wonderfully good time until he was fairly out of range; and then, more slowly and very painfully, he covered the remainder of the distance between Loveladies Island and the town—and vastly astonished his people at home by limping into the house, pale and wounded, at nine o'clock at night, and by stating that down by the wharf, in his dory, was a box full of gold.

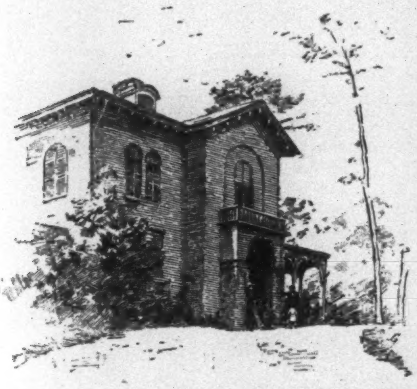
So far as Fareham was concerned, that was the end of Captain Lattamore. The next night the light on Loveladies was not lighted, and on the morning following this neglect of duty two whale-boats full of heavily armed men—drawn from the crews of a couple of whalers just come into port—went down to the island to find out what was wrong. All that they could determine certainly was that the captain was not there. They found the defences which he had raised, and his prodigious supply of arms, and the queer affair in the chimney (that is there to this day, for nobody ever has cared to meddle with it) wherewith he intended to touch off his mine; but the captain himself had vanished—and what became of him has been a mystery through all these past seventy and more years.

AN EMINENT CAREER.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF HAMILTON FISH.

A LIFE so long, so conspicuous, so honorable, so successful, so well rounded to its close, as was that of Hamilton Fish, has an attraction for all sorts and conditions of men, and especially for young men who wish to know by what studies and conduct he prepared himself, and how came an opportunity for the work he accomplished.

Many of the high qualities displayed by him in political, social, and business affairs can be distinctly traced to inheritance, and the examples of ancestors both on his father's and his mother's side. The connective tissue of civilization which heredity displays may be occult, but it is very powerful.



THE COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF HAMILTON FISH.
Garrisons-on-the-Hudson.

Local sentiments—the action of birthplace and external facts on one's personality—were also powerful with Mr. Fish. Places inspire like persons. He was a New-Yorker. His affection for the city and State of his birth, his pride in their early history, in their struggles and their triumphs, tinged and graced his whole career. He was born in the house owned by him when he died, now numbered twenty-one in Stuyvesant Street, and built in the very last years of the last century or the first of the present century on land a part of the farm of Governor-General Stuyvesant, which has never been out of the ownership of the lineal descendants of the Governor-General since he acquired the title two centuries and a half ago. It was one of four houses built at the same time, for his four daughters, by the grandfather of Mr. Fish. Then the city did not extend much above Anthony and Hester streets. When he was born, Broadway was paved only as far as Warren Street. Stuyvesant Street was a mere lane far out in the country. The surrounding land, east of the Bowery, had descended from the Governor-General to the grandfather of Mr. Fish. On an official map published five years before his birth the locality is represented as laid out in streets implying residences thereon, but that part of the city was only patriotic prophecy. Four of those streets were named respectively for his mother and her three sisters. Others had been named by Mr. Stuyvesant after other members of his family—Stuyvesant, Tenbroeck, Winthrop, Gerrard, Petrus, and Nicholas. Of those names only Stuyvesant survived the drastic work of the three commissioners appointed by the State of New York a year before the birth of Mr. Fish, who, in utter disregard of the features of the landscape, of the possibilities of a beautiful city placed between two noble rivers, formulated a plan that required cutting down trees some of which should have been spared, levelling picturesque hills, and burying limpid streams. On the flat surface thus created were put avenues and streets in straight lines, and instead of giving to them or preserving names associated with the earliest civilization of the locality, the commissioners designated and misnamed the avenues and streets by numerals, as are cells and their occupants in a prison-house. The house built by Mr. Fish some forty years ago as, and ever since till his death, his city residence on Stuyvesant Square, is on land also a piece of the same Stuyvesant farm, as is also Stuyvesant Square, which was a gift to the city by Mr. Fish's uncle, Peter Gerrard Stuyvesant.

In 1647 Governor-General Stuyvesant arrived off what is now Battery Park, and entered upon his office. Five years afterwards there came to Long Island from New England a band of colonists, which, by permission of the then Governor-General of New Amsterdam, made a settlement called Middleburg by the new-comers after a noted place in Netherlands. Among those Middleburg colonists was Jonathan Fish, who, from England, came first to Lynn, then went to Cape Cod, in Massachusetts, and finally made his way to Long Island. He was a magistrate, and a controlling man in the colony, who had controversies with the imperious Stuyvesant over the patent to Newtown, nearly opposite New York, and taxation of the colonists. A century and a half after those events, Elizabeth Stuyvesant, a lineal descendant of the Governor-General, married Nicholas Fish, a lineal descendant of Jonathan Fish. Hamilton Fish was the eldest son of the union.

On that historical Sunday noon of April 23, 1775, when the mounted messenger sent from Massachusetts by the Committee of Safety arrived in New York with news of the affair at Lexington, Nicholas Fish, the father of Hamilton, was a youth of seventeen years. He put aside his books, joined the rebels, served throughout the war, from Harlem Heights to Yorktown, where he was under Lafayette, and finally emerged a Lieutenant-Colonel. Alexander Hamilton was only a year older when, a student in King's, now Columbia College, he joined the rebelling army as Captain of Artillery. The two served together on the staff of Washington, and were intimate friends. Nicholas Fish won the confidence of Washington, Schuyler, and Lafayette. He was one of the executors of Hamilton's will. In 1798, when relations with France were so threatening as to forebode armed collision, Washington wrote asking that Nicholas Fish be Adjutant-General of the army Washington had by Congress been asked to command. He is described by the chroniclers as of singularly graceful and courteous bearing, and in every way brilliant. In "St. Mark's Church in the Bowery," on the corner of Stuyvesant Street and Second Avenue, is a tablet to his memory bearing the eloquent inscription, "Faithful soldier of Christ and of his country."

In those eight words of description of the father is to be found the key-note of the endeavors of the son.

The preparatory training of Hamilton Fish for Columbia College was by Bancel, a French Legitimist of high family exiled from France, who came to New York by way of the French West Indies, and, near the beginning of the present century, established in New York a school for boys. Fish was graduated by Columbia College in 1827. He entered immediately the law-office of Peter A. Jay, the eldest son of the Chief Justice, and was called to the bar of New York three years afterward. Later on he formed a law partnership with William Beach Lawrence, the author of learned treatises on international law, who had returned to New York from service as Secretary of Legation at London under Mr. Gallatin as Minister. He devoted himself to chancery and real estate practice, and the volume of his business in those specialties, as well as its income, was among the largest in the city at that time.

Those among the young who would hold official power in a country like ours, and have the opportunities for honor that official power offers, will do well to observe a fact in the career of Mr. Fish, which is that of the five offices held by him—member of Congress, Lieutenant-Governor, Governor, Senator, and Secretary of State—he solicited only one, and that one the relatively unimportant office of Lieutenant-Governor.

The Congressional district on the east side of New York in which he dwelt in 1842 was Democratic, but the Democracy seems to have been riven in two factions, one led by John McKeon, and one by Fernando Wood. The former was nominated for Congress, but the latter, appreciating the popularity of Fish among Democratic voters in the district, persuaded the Whigs to nominate him, and he won over McKeon by a majority of 205 in a poll of 11,603. That office came to Fish without seeking or effort by him.

Next came the unsolicited and unexpected nomination in 1846 for the office of Lieutenant-Governor. His defeat was the turning-point in the path which led him out of purely professional and business occupations into public life. His service as a Congressman for one term was a mere disconnected episode. He was by the Whigs put upon the Gubernatorial ticket with John Young, not on his own solicitation, but (as the New York *Tribune* of the day expressed it) "to neutralize the radicalism" of Young. Professionally and otherwise, Fish was identified with what were then large interests in real estate, that gave to him conspicuity as opposed to the radicalism of "Anti-Rent" with which Young was suspected to be coquetting. He was not, nor was his family, in any way identified pecuniarily with the results of the system of patroonship begun in New Netherlands by the Dutch government, or with grants of the enormous patents of crown lands continued in New York by the English government. Anti-Rentism emerged as a political and party issue. The positiveness of the opinions of Mr. Fish on that issue accomplished his defeat in 1846. The Lieutenant-Governor who was elected having afterwards accepted a judicial office, Mr. Fish was in 1847 again a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor at a special election to fill the vacancy, and carried New York city by a majority of 3899, and was elected by a majority of 30,449. That was the only office ever sought by him, and then only out of resentment for defeat of him by the Anti-Rent party.

In 1848 he was the Whig candidate for Governor against Walworth, the Democratic candidate, Dix, the Free-soil candidate, and was elected. On the same day was the three-cornered Presidential contest between Taylor, Cass, and Van Buren.

Three years later the New York Legislature of 1851 had in the Senate 17 Whigs against 15 Democrats and opposition. In the Assembly there were 82 Whigs and 44 of the opposition. A Whig caucus nominated Mr. Fish for United States Senator by 63 out of 67 votes, but 30 Fillmore Whigs—"Silver-Gray Whigs," "Cotton Whigs," as they were called—were not present. The Whig party, when united, had only two majority in the Senate. The administration of President Fillmore was hostile to the choice of Fish, because he did not commit himself to the finality of the Fugitive Slave Law enacted as part of the "Compromise" of 1850. During nearly seven weeks a fierce contest raged over the nomination, but Mr. Fish was silent, and would take no part in behalf of his candidacy. He was finally chosen, March 18, 1852.

When he took his seat in the United States Senate that body was in Democratic control by a compact and disciplined albeit small majority. Sumner entered at the same time, chosen by a coalition of Democrats and Free-Soilers, which Benjamin R. Curtis, Esq., of Boston, described in an elaborate opinion printed in the books as a "conspiracy at common law." With him were Hale from New Hampshire and Wade from Ohio, classified as "Free-Soil." The Whigs had 23 Senators.

Whatever natural aptitude Mr. Fish may have had for extempore debate, his special practice as a lawyer and his work as Lieutenant-Governor and Governor did not develop it. He preferred a table, pen, ink, and paper to the platform and spoken speech.

Bismarck said at Versailles in 1871: "The gift of eloquence has done a great deal of mischief in parliamentary life. Everything that is really to be done is settled beforehand in the factions [committees], and the speeches in the House are delivered for the public in order to show what the speaker is capable of, and still more for the newspapers in the hope that they may praise. Is the poet or *improvisatore* exactly the sort of person to whom the helm of state, which requires cool considerate manipulation, should be confided?"

His faculty for clear, cogent, and persuasive writing is shown in his papers as Governor, and in the published volumes of his diplomatic work as Secretary of State. On the Senate Committees he was industrious, thorough, and most careful in conclusions. Eminently practical, he had that moderation and steadiness of purpose which come of modesty. He looked upon the work of carrying on a government as business—and business requiring more of the seclusion of the consultation-room than the publicity of the forum. He believed that successful political issues could be more wisely framed and party efficiency better maintained by the private deliberations of recognized leaders than by their controversies and debates on the public platform.

There is ample contemporaneous evidence that Mr. Fish was not as Secretary of State in the mind of President Grant till many days after his inauguration. Two Western men were in his thoughts—Wilson of Iowa, who refused the office, and Washburne of Iowa, who accepted it. The President's plan, up to the date of the necessity of the retirement of Washburne at the end of a week's service, contemplated Mr. Fish as Minister at London. The President acquainted Mr. Fish by letter of the needed change in the State Department, solicited him to accept the place, and, without awaiting his reply, sent his name to the Senate. Immediately thereafter came a letter from Mr. Fish positively refusing to accept the offer. The President made haste to send a message to the Senate withdrawing the nomination, but the Senate, having acted immediately on the nomination, had confirmed it. Had it not been for that quick action of the Senate, Mr. Fish would not have been Minister of Foreign Affairs. As it was, he accepted the office on the stipulated condition that the incumbency was to be only a temporary one.

The record of the life of Mr. Fish presents a unique case of office seeking the man, and the man never but once soliciting the office.

His conduct during eight years as Minister of Foreign Affairs, his solution of international problems seemingly insoluble, his exemplification of the superiority of lawyers and judges over generals and admirals for settling conflicts between industrial nations, his courage inimitable when England threatened to rupture the Treaty of Washington after she had read the American "case," his management of the Cuban episode, and the affair of the *Virginius*, his winning over Democratic Congressmen and Senators to support his diplomacy, his emergence "without spot or blemish" from eight years of the Grant administration, are indeed "marvellous in our eyes," but they are to be looked on as evidence of the real qualities and virtues of the man.

At the close of the administration of President Grant came the final retirement of Mr. Fish from official life. It was to him most welcome in every way. He was then sixty-nine years of age. He had found pleasure in the good opinion of his countrymen, which had accompanied or followed his public employments—in honor, reputation, fame—but the chiefest source of his happiness was in the social circle. He was conspicuously a family man. He was never seen, even when most deeply engrossed in political and public concerns, in clubs, taverns, or places where active men usually gather together. To those who sought him at home he was accessible, cordial, courteous, sympathizing with party associates, and ready to co-operate and aid, but one must seek him at home. As a public man he was more solicitous in regard to what went on in his own consciousness, of what he could justly think of himself, than of promoting, except by his own good conduct, the applause of others. And yet he had not a trace of bigotry. He was democratic in sympathies and convictions. He had genuine sympathy with the masses of his countrymen. He had no tolerance for the pretentions of official or social rank in our country based merely on what is artificial, and unearned by good conduct. He regarded such pretensions as resting on a sham. His standard of honor—personal honor, social honor, family honor, official honor, civic honor—was high, exacting, absolute.

The death of Mrs. Fish in 1887—ten years after his retirement from official life—was an indescribable bereavement. Their married life of more than half a century, her wise and efficient but unconspicuous co-operation with him in his long public career, his constant dependence on her unfailing tact and forethought, and, more than all, the needfulness for him of family life at home, made those who understood the exceptional closeness of their association in affairs, public and private, business and pleasure, society and politics, solicitous over the effect of the rupture upon him. It did quite withdraw him into a retirement from which, even in a social way, he did not emerge during the remaining years of his life.

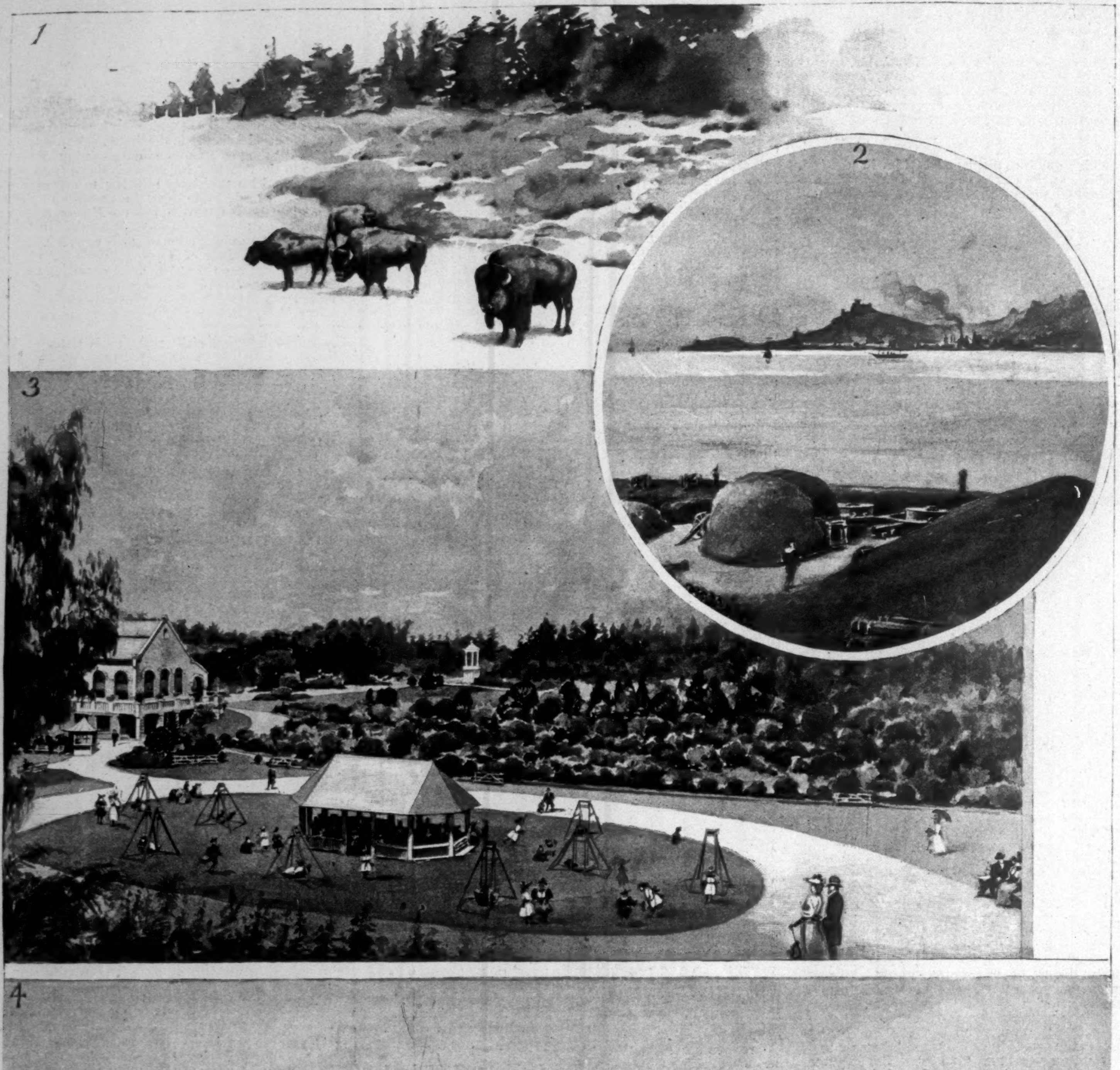
His chiefest interest outside his children and his property affairs was, while in retirement, in the concerns of the Society of the Cincinnati and of Columbia College, the chairmanship of whose Board of Trustees he had held thirty-six years. His colleagues on the board of the college would not permit him to resign, often as he had urged it on account of his age.

Undisturbed leisure was never burdensome to him. He had a rare faculty of enjoying rest after the vigorous pursuits of life had come to an end. He was not afflicted by the close of a long official career, as sometimes, even unto death, have been so many men in Europe and America. "Retiring" brought decay of neither cheerfulness nor health. He had a sufficiency of pecuniary wealth for his needs, but, better far than pecuniary wealth, he had the devotion of affectionate children and intellectual wealth—a never-failing interest in books, especially of history, biography, and travels—that accompanied him to the end. He realized that "to be happy is to be self-sufficient in the sources of one's happiness." Although he had strong individuality of character and personality that contributed so much to his contentment, yet he had intense nationality and intense national pride. Those who knew him superficially have fancied that pride in the city and State of his birth—their origin and growth, the lineaments of Dutch civilization and institutions mingled with English to be seen in both—was for him the greater pride, but it was not. His greatest pride was in the United States, but he did wish to see the great State of his birth lead—he felt that New York should lead—the Union in its onward, upward progress.

It is not an easy task even to sketch the busy life of one who was born during the administration of Jefferson, had voted at every one of the fourteen Presidential elections since he became a voter in 1829 down to the last election in 1892, participated actively and successfully in two great international negotiations—that of 1854, while a Senator, and in 1871, while Secretary of State, each of which relieved a perilous international tension—and who was off and on during nearly forty years in high official station.

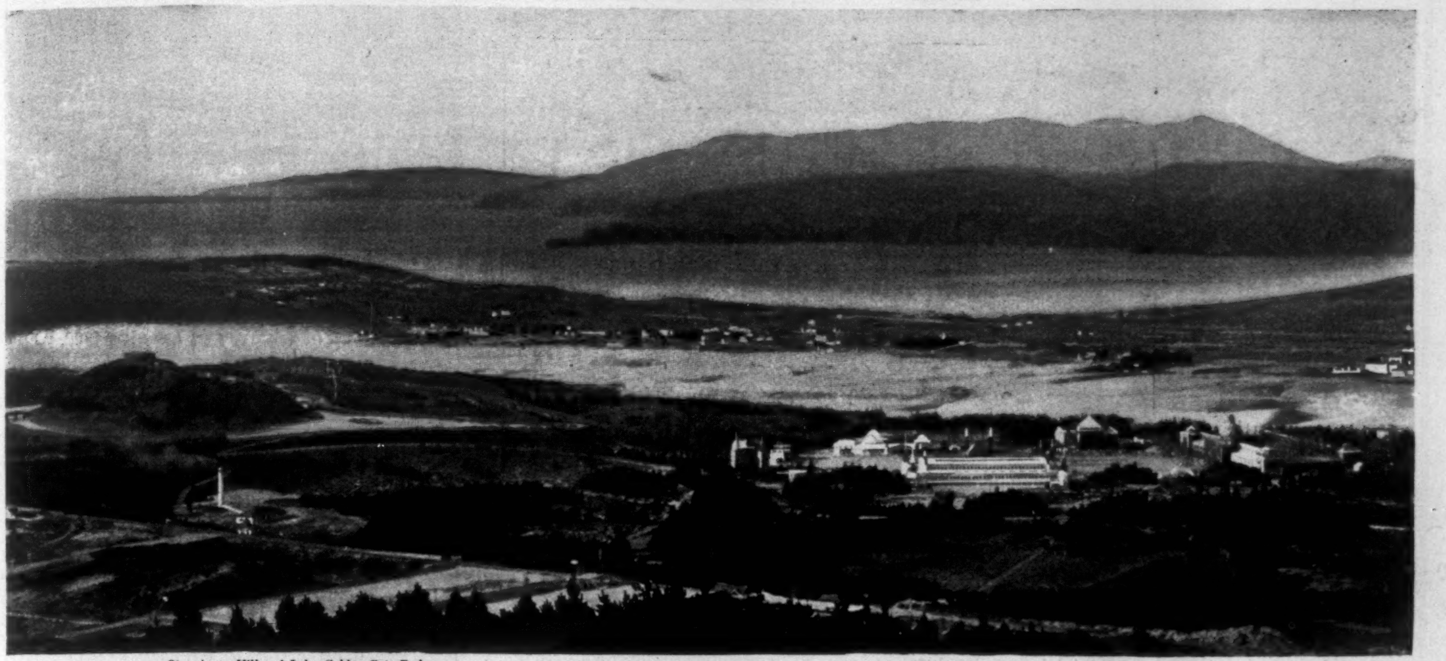
One who hereafter prepares an adequate exhibition of the public and private worth of Mr. Fish will not fail to dwell on the piety of feeling and sincere religious devotion that characterized him, unaccompanied by a particle of pious hypocrisy. The full maturity of his intellectual faculties, his rare discernment, his power of keen analysis, his strong common-sense, brought, year by year, a more and more profound faith in the Church of his baptism, confirmation, constant communion, and abiding loyalty as "the pillar and the ground of truth." During wellnigh a half-century he bore, as a layman, much the same relation to the government of the Episcopal Church in New York and in the United States that he bore to political government at Albany and Washington.

COLUMBIA.



SAN FRANCISCO AND THE MIDWINTER FAIR.—After Photographs by Taber.—[See Page 1181.]

1. Golden Gate Park—The Buffalo Range. 2 San Francisco, from Alcatraz. 3. Golden Gate Park—Children's Play-ground. 4. View from the Golden Gate Park "Panorama." 5. Golden Gate Park—Conservatory, from the Music-Stand. 6. Golden Gate Park—Aviary.


Point Bonita, where the Pacific Mail Steamer *City of New York* was wrecked.
Golden Gate.
Strawberry Hill and Lake, Golden Gate Park.
Water-works, Golden Gate Park.
Midwinter Fair Buildings, Golden Gate Park.

GOLDEN GATE PARK AND THE CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER EXPOSITION.—From a Photograph by Taber.

SAN FRANCISCO AND ITS MIDWINTER FAIR.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

Many persons in many parts of the country are laughing at San Francisco for undertaking an international exposition at this particular time. In spite of this ridicule, which goes so far as to assert that the fair will never be opened, or that if it is it will be closed within a month for want of patronage, it is not at all certain that the projectors of the Midwinter Fair are not proving themselves to be possessed of very long heads and a shrewd business sense. The scoffers urge that, having just closed the gates of the greatest exposition the world has ever seen, the people of this country are weary of such shows, and must have at least a decade of rest before undertaking another. They claim that San Francisco is too far away, that the financial situation is too bad, that times are too hard, that a great fair cannot possibly be got ready in the few months allotted to preparation, etc., etc.

In reply to these objections the San Francisco managers say: "We are not undertaking a big fair as such things are understood in Chicago or Paris, though should we concede all the space and grant all the concessions already applied for, our little Midwinter would quickly assume the inflated proportions of the genuine Columbian article. At the same time we are going to present such a vast, varied, and altogether wonderful display of the resources of our own coast, from Alaska to Patagonia, together with those of Japan, China, and the islands of the Pacific, as the world has never seen. Many of the best exhibits from the White City and all the more interesting features of the Midway Plaisance are already on their way to San Francisco, while every steamer from South American or Oriental ports is unloading novelties that would drive Chicago wild with envy.

"The mere fact that one exposition has just closed is a good reason for opening another. The appetite of the American people for such things has been whetted; they have contracted the exposition habit, as it were, and thousands will visit the Midwinter who would not have thought of such a thing had they not already been to the Columbian. Times are hard, to be sure, and nowhere are they harder than on the Pacific coast; but that is only another reason why our fair should be held this winter. The harder the times, the more need there is for us to advertise California and her resources, the more need for us to provide work for those out of employment, and to keep money in circulation. Those who travel most and farthest are those who can afford to spend the most money. To attract such people we mean to make San Francisco the focal-point of this winter's tourist travel from all parts of the world. Thus shall wealth be distributed where it is most needed, and, in course of time, all things shall again be well with us."

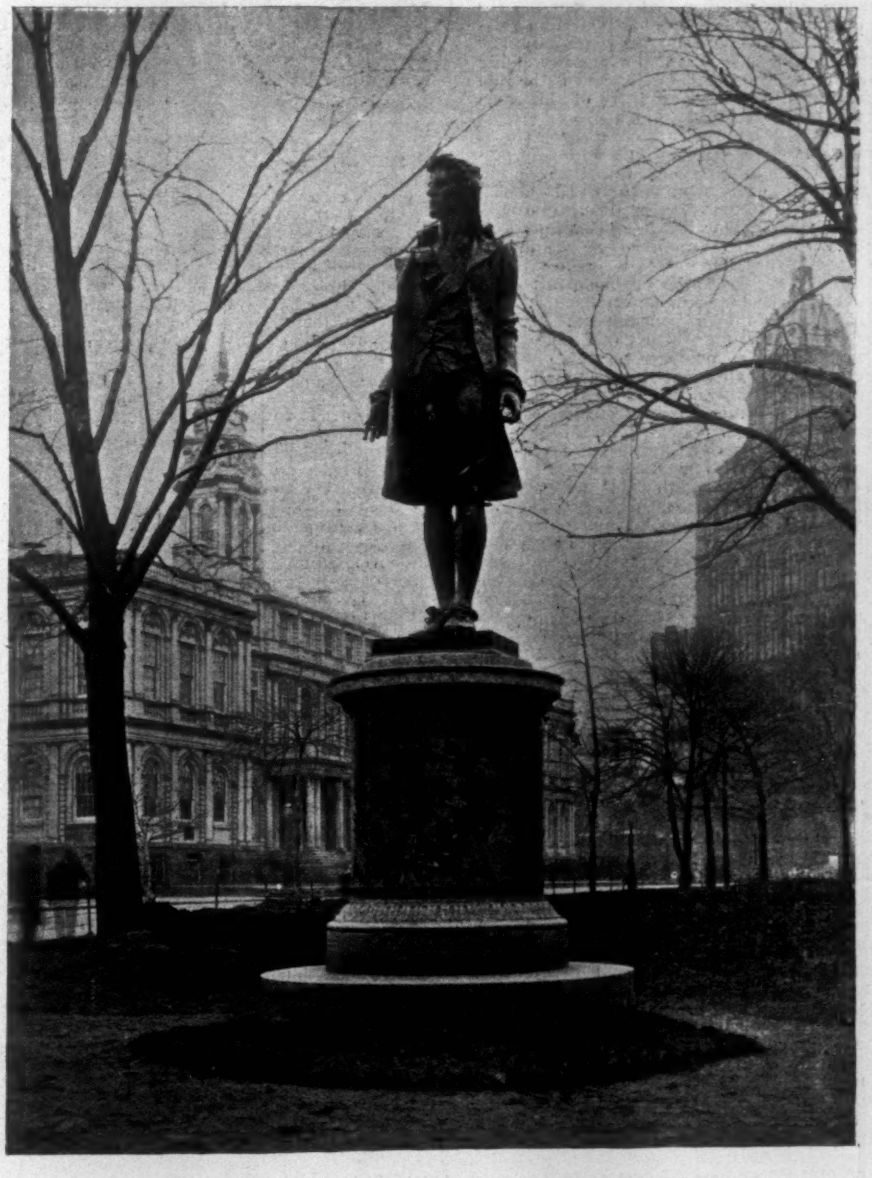
With such beguiling earnestness and such absolute confidence in their undertaking do these level-headed projectors of the Midwinter Exposition labor with the sceptic, that he is shortly won to their way of thinking, and soon becomes as enthusiastic as they. Thus convinced he sallies forth to view the scene of their coming triumph, firmly persuaded that whatever San Francisco undertakes she is bound to carry through with credit to herself, the coast of which she is the metropolis, and the country to which she belongs.

San Francisco possesses many features that are peculiarly favorable to the success of the proposed exposition. To begin with, it is the romantic city of this country; and whether the approaching traveller be an American or a foreigner, he cannot enter the Golden Gate or swoop down from the towering Sierras toward this home of the Argonauts without feeling the same anticipatory thrill that heralds his approach to the most famous cities of the Old World. He may be disappointed to find that its noble bay is muddy, but there will be no disappointment in its size, in the beauty of its islands and surrounding shores, or in its marvellous natural protection against storm or foreign foe. Although San Francisco has a vile summer climate, compounded of wind, sand, and fog, it is possessed of winter weather as perfect as that of a New England June, and holding about the same proportions of shower and sunshine. It is a city of hills so steep and so numerous that the pedestrian shrinks from them in dismay. At the same time it is a city endowed with such a perfect cable-car system that before it the hills melt away as though by enchantment. So swiftly and easily is the sightseer borne up and over their acclivities that, vanquished as obstacles, the hills only remain as vantage-points for gloriously widespread and ever-changing views.

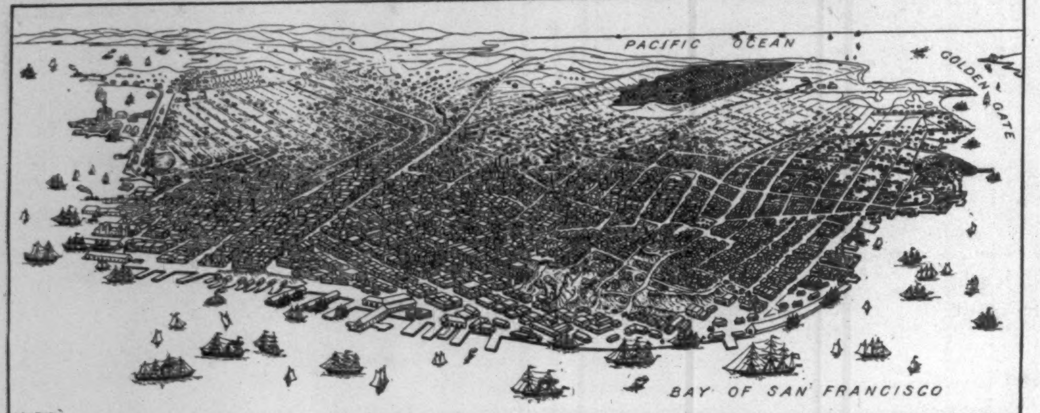
The swift-running street cars of San Francisco thread every nook and corner of the city, with never more than two blocks to walk between lines, and with such a complete transfer service that it would be difficult to discover a destination within city limits unattainable by the expenditure of a single fare. The objective-points of all lines, either directly or through their connections, are the parks and the ferries. The latter, running to Oakland or Alameda, where they connect with Southern Pacific trains to Tiburon or Saucelito, are all gathered under a union roof at the foot of Market Street, the great diagonal artery of municipal life, in which all car lines converge. On the other hand, these same lines lead more or less directly to Garden Gate Park, or to connections with the two steam railways that take one to the Cliff House. At present these steam roads demand an extra five-cent fare, but an effort is being made at consolidation, by which a single fare will transport a passenger from the ferries to this most popular of all San Francisco resorts.

While traversing this queen city of the coast in any direction the stranger cannot help being intensely disappointed at its prevailing architecture. It is not only a city of wood, but is of wood assembled in the most unattractive of forms. Even the so-called palaces on that portion of California Street known as "Nob Hill" are, with one or two exceptions, built of wood, and are irredeemably ugly. For this universal use of wood two excuses are made. One is that it is cheap, and the other that in the event of an earthquake the occupants of a wooden structure would be in less danger than in one of heavier and more rigid materials. While both these reasons for building of wood are valid, no excuse can be offered, nor apparently is one deemed necessary, for the complete absence of architectural beauty or even pretence that forms so striking a feature of San Francisco.

There are possibly half a dozen handsome business buildings, of which the Mills and the Crocker are notable exam-



THE NATHAN HALE STATUE, CITY HALL PARK, NEW YORK.
Frederick Macmonnies, Sculptor.—[See Page 1171.]



MAP OF SAN FRANCISCO, SHOWING THE LOCATION OF GOLDEN GATE PARK AND THE CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER EXPOSITION.

ples, and as many residences, scattered at wide intervals on Pacific Avenue and adjacent streets and on the summit of Russian Hill, that betray the existence of an artistic taste and knowledge; all else is commonplace and vulgar. In the business portion the eye rests wearily on block after block of monotonous iron fronts, while the residence streets are crowded with mile after mile of insignificant wooden structures covered with scrimshaw work in the shape of mouldings, false fronts, rosettes, brackets, and scroll-sawing. It is evident at a glance that their only architects have been carpenters or contractors, whose perverted tastes have been granted an unrestrained license. That San Franciscans know how to erect beautiful wooden houses is shown by the tasteful summer-houses at San Rafael, Saucelito, Bellevue, and other suburbs, but that a refined taste in architecture has been wellnigh eliminated from the city itself is painfully apparent on every side. Even the public buildings, on which millions of dollars have been lavished, are bad beyond comparison. The San Francisco Post-office is more of a disgrace than that of Chicago, if such a thing may be credited. The exterior of the Palace Hotel excites surprise without admiration, while the new City Hall is so hopelessly lacking in any suggestion of architectural beauty as to be unworthy of criticism. That such a state of affairs should exist in a city of the wealth and possessed of the natural advantages of San Francisco is amazing and inexplicable; but that it does exist will be painfully apparent to every Midwinter Fair visitor.

With all this there is so much in San Francisco that is pleasing and worthy of admiration that for disappointments in one direction there are ample compensations in others. The views from the many hill-tops of the city are superb, while that of a sunset through the portals of the Golden Gate is glorious beyond description. At this hour, too, the city, as viewed from Alcatraz Island, half veiled in rose-tinted smoke-clouds, and with its myriad windows aglow with the western splendor, is transfigured with a surpassing glory. Another of San Francisco's fascinations is the ride to the Cliff House along the southern shore of this same wondrous gateway from the Pacific, which affords a treat long to be remembered, and repeated as often as one's time limit will allow. High up on the face of the cliffs that present their frowning fronts to the rushing tides the train follows their every contour, winding in and out, and opening new and more charming scenes at every turn, while hundreds of feet below the Pacific breakers fret and foam with ceaseless surge. On the far seaward horizon the distant Farallones rise from the sparkling waters like grim sentinels of the coast, while near at hand the Seal Rocks present their fascinating and ever-changing studies of mammoth sea monsters, to whom they afford a congenial home.

Of the many other things for which San Francisco deserves praise none is more in evidence than its beautiful Golden Gate Park, in which are now rising the stately structures destined to house the Midwinter Fair. One must search far and long to discover a more complete triumph of art over rebellious nature than is presented by this people's pleasure-ground. A few years ago it was but a waste of shifting sand dunes devoid of vegetation, while now it is one of the show parks of the country. It covers nearly eleven hundred acres, and its main entrance is distant four miles from the City Hall. From this point it stretches away four and a half miles to the west, with superb sixty-foot driveways and bordering bridle-paths traversing the entire distance. Although systematic work was only begun on this park in 1880, more than two hundred and fifty acres of it are already under the highest cultivation, and now present the most pleasing results of skilled landscape-gardening.

The first step toward the reclamation of this wind-blown waste of sand was its planting with *Arundo arenaria*, a European beach-grass that thrives best in sea sand, and serves to hold the shifting soil in place. The beach-grass was succeeded by a heavy crop of wild lupine, and at the end of a year a systematic planting of pines, cypress, and other indigenous trees was begun. At present the entire area of the park is thus provided with shade and wind-breaks, while one-quarter of it has been advanced to the final stage of emerald lawns, crystal waterways, perfect drives, shaded alleys, flower beds, clumps of shrubbery, and a great variety of shade trees from European and Asiatic countries, as well as those indigenous to Californian mountains.

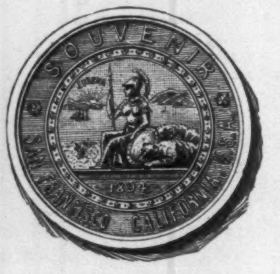
In this portion of the park are found many of the attractions that add so greatly to its value as a place of public recreation and instruction. Prominent among these is a children's play-ground occupying fifteen acres of shaded lawns and open courts. Here are ball-grounds, tennis-courts, swings, seesaws, and merry-go-rounds, while at one side stands a beautiful stone house known as the children's dairy, which is elaborately fitted up for their comfort and entertainment.

Adjoining the children's play-ground is Concert Valley, overlooked by a fine bronze statue of Francis Scott Key, author of our national song. Here is an ample band-stand, backed by a huge sounding-board, after the fashion of that at Manhattan Beach, and here are seats for thousands of music-lovers, besides a vast court that will accommodate hundreds of carriages. At this point the park band, which is the finest organization of its kind on the Pacific coast, gives free afternoon concerts every Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday.

To the north of Concert Valley rises the graceful form of the Conservatory, which is claimed to be the finest belonging to any city park, and which is at all times freely opened to the public. It contains extensive collections of orchids, begonias, and caladiums, besides an immense variety of exotic plants and trees, among the latter of which is a cocoa-nut-tree in full bearing.

To the eastward of Concert Valley, and hidden from it by dense masses of foliage, are the buffalo range and the aviary. In the former the buffalo, which have already bred and added several fine calves to the attractions of the park, share their ample space with Alaskan reindeer, South American vicuña, and a number of dainty antelope.

Near at hand is the aviary, a feature of this San Franciscan park which, considering the small outlay demanded for its construction and maintenance, probably gives greater pleasure than any other. The structure is a substantial frame-work of timbers, 475 feet long by 260 feet wide and 30 feet high, enclosed within a netting of stout wire. One hundred feet of the western or windward end has walls and roof of glass, whereby a perfect protection is afforded to the most delicate tropical birds. Through the centre of the structure, from end to end, runs a walk thirty feet wide, which is devoted to the use of spectators. It has sides and a low roof of netting, through which may be had an unobstructed view of all that is taking place in the busy bird world just beyond. At the same time the feathered inmates of this beautiful house pass without hinderance from side to side of their domain, above the narrow quarters in which the featherless bipeds are so securely caged. The two great compartments into which the aviary is thus divided are carpeted with a thick sward of the greenest grass, and furnished with dense coverts of shrubby foliage, in which the birds hide, nest, and find retreats that are even more secure than those of their native haunts. Several streams of pure water ripple merrily through this artificial woodland, and in the occasional pools formed along these miniature waterways scores of happy birds may be seen at all times taking their daily bath. Scattered in every direction are dozens of little square tables, always spread with such repasts as birds best love, and there is no prettier sight in all the park than that of a feathered dinner party perched on the edges of one of these tables, discussing with delighted twitterings the meal thus thoughtfully provided for them.



SOUVENIR MEDAL.
California Midwinter Fair.

As I leaned against the rail, watching these happiest of birds, my thread of thought was interrupted by a voice at my elbow:

"Happy little beggars, these."

"Yes," I answered, mechanically, at the same time turning to survey the speaker.

He was tall, lean, old, and shabby, while his face bore the most striking resemblance to that of a bird. His fingers, too, as they clutched the rail, were claws, while his voice was sharp and piping.

"Sorter reconciles one to the doctrine of reincarnation, don't it?" he continued.

"I don't know that I exactly understand," I replied, perplexed, and yet curious to know what he was driving at.

"Soul's got to go somewhere when it shuffles off this mortal coil, hasn't it? If so, why not into the body of a bird? If into a bird, why not into one of these birds? They toil not, neither do they spin, and yet you can just bet they don't want for anything to make them happy or comfortable. No enemies to molest them either; no owls, nor hawks, nor snakes, nor cats; no duns, nor bill-collectors, nor sheriffs. That's why I'm here," he added, lowering his voice to a confidential tone, and glancing nervously about him. "Of course I'm not attempting to anticipate nor hasten natural events, you understand; but when *it* happens, I want it to happen right here, and then I'll be on hand to apply for the first vacancy in yonder. I come here every day, as soon as they open in the morning, and stay till they close at night; so, if *it* will only happen in the daytime, I shall be all right. I have a personal—I might almost say, a speaking—acquaintance with every bird in there already, and have selected the bush in which I intend to build."

"Build what?"

"A nest, of course. You see, I have a theory of nest-building based upon mechanical laws, which I am most anxious to put into practice. If you can spare a few moments, I'll explain. By-the-way, you don't mind my being hungry, do you? I sha'n't be, you know, when I get to the other side of the netting."

I slipped a two-bit piece into the old man's hand, with a muttered apology for doing so as I moved away, and of the first policeman I met I inquired concerning him; but the graycoat knew him not.

"Some crank as was joshing ye for a tip, I reckon. There's a many of 'em about here these times, and they mostly do seem to be envying of the burrurds."

Among the fortunate birds that have thus become objects of envy to a certain class of humanity are over a thousand canaries, many bulbuls from Persia, linnets, larks, a fine display of golden and silver pheasants, mocking-birds, cardinal-grosbeaks, toucans, paroquets, and a great variety of pigeons—most interesting and startling of which is the Bleeding-heart. It is a snow-white bird, with a splotch of crimson about the size of a silver dollar on its breast, and a few smaller spots, like drops of blood, just below it. The resemblance to a freshly torn and bleeding wound is so striking that the appearance of one of these strangely marked birds invariably elicits exclamations of pity from the spectators. Besides the birds already mentioned there are ruffed-grouse, daintily crested California quail, flocks of tiny but brilliantly plumaged natives of Central America and Java, and scores of others—all united to form one of the most varied, largest, happiest, busiest, and most contented bird colonies in the world.

The first cost of this aviary was only $4200, while that of its maintenance is but $100 per month. At the same time I venture to say that no portion of the whole $192,000 annually appropriated by the city of San Francisco to the support of its Golden Gate Park provides more genuine pleasure or valuable instruction than the modest sum thus devoted to birds.

A stranger from the East visiting this park for the first time is struck with the absence of all restrictive signs. Any one may walk on the lawns as freely as on the paths, and yet no park shows greener or more thrifty grass than this one. A few years ago, when Mr. R. P. Hammond, who is still one of the three park commissioners, was president of the board, he was one day asked by the superintendent for a few hundred more sign-boards with which to protect the lawns. They would have cost a hundred dollars.

"Supposing we save that money," suggested Mr. Hammond, "and at the same time try an experiment."

The experiment was tried the very next day, and it took the shape of pulling up and burning every one of the 1100 "keep off the grass" signs that had until then disfigured Superintendent McLaren's lawns. He was in despair, and predicted their speedy destruction, but to-day his lawns look better than ever.

Almost exactly in the centre of Golden Gate Park rises a rocky knoll. It is half a mile in circumference, and 410 feet high. The knoll is surrounded by a lake, which at one point is spanned by an artistic bridge. From here a broad winding roadway leads to the summit. On its very crest is a clear fresh-water pond, sparkling like a jewel in a setting of rough rocks, and supplying a gleaming waterfall that foams and tumbles down a sheer precipice into the lake below. This is Strawberry Hill, noted as affording the finest all-around view to be had within the city limits of San Francisco. Beside its crowning pond rises a quaint brick-arched and glass-enclosed Acropolis known as the park panorama, from the parapet of which the wondrous view may be seen at its best.

Overlooked by Strawberry Hill, between it and that portion of the park already reclaimed and beautified by the landscape-gardener, lie the 160 acres set apart for the use of the Midwinter Fair. Here on the 24th of last August the first shovelful of sand was upturned. By the first day of October the entire tract had been graded and buildings were in process of erection. Here on the first day of January, 1894, the Midwinter Fair will be formally opened, and during the ensuing six months hundreds of thousands of delighted visitors will bless the foresight that located it in so charming a spot as the park of the Golden Gate.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Mr. Poultney Bigelow does not find it necessary to nurse his reputation as a good American by sticking close to his native shores. He is off to Europe again—to London first, and then to Berlin to hear the Kaiser open the Reichstag. But he makes only a flying visit, since he is under bonds to be back in February and lecture before the New York Historical Society on the Three Great Revolutions—American, French, and German—of 1776, 1789, 1813. It would seem that a lecture on great revolutions, to be absolutely comprehensive, must include the English revolution of 1688, but either that happened too long ago, or Macaulay has already made it sufficiently notorious. Two of the revolutions about which Mr. Bigelow will discourse the average American already knows a good deal about, but with the German revolution of 1813 he is very much less familiar, and Mr. Bigelow is the very man to enlighten him.

There is another revolution on which it is probable that Mr. Bigelow would like to lecture, and that is the one not yet hatched out, which is to establish the liberties of the people of Russia. If he does not approve of the government of the Czar, it is no more than tit for tat, for, as appeared from the treatment he received some months ago, when he went to Russia with Mr. Remington in the interest of Harper's Magazine, the Czar's government does not approve of him, nor of the Magazine either. Its disapproval does not spring from lack of knowledge. *Grahsdanin*, a Russian periodical, published doubtless by permission of the Czar, by Gursten Merchtscherski, calls attention to Mr. Bigelow's recent article in Harper's on the German army, and introduces two stories of how Prussian officers went spying into Russia with the remarks:

> "Harper's Magazine publishes an interesting article on the German army by Poultney Bigelow, an American, who is known through his articles on Emperor Wilhelm I. . . . In his article on the German army he speaks as one who knows his subject. It contains, among other matter, an account of the system of acquiring information in the army, which is of interest, although it is difficult to imagine a Prussian officer making such open-hearted communication of his adventures to an American writer."

And speaking of Harper's Magazine, a Rochester contemporary—the *Post-Express*—finds in the opening article of its Christmas number a text upon which it makes a sufficiently curious discourse. Observing that "The Old Dominion," by Thomas Nelson Page, is "a charming theme treated by a charming writer," it goes on to say that the "prevailing fad in all our magazines for some years has been Southern romance in the South in the civil war, and . . . . while the Southern fad prevails, of course anything about the Northern side of the civil war or the romance of the Northern volunteers would have as much chance of getting into an American magazine as into an English magazine. . . .

The boys in blue," it adds, "remain in the background as mere commonplace mercenaries."

These sentiments betoken rather an acrid state of mind, and are the sort of thing one expects not so much from a journal of sound heart and sane ideas as from some swindling pension agent who fears indictment, and wants to raise a cloud of misconception to cover his escape. If the war literature of the South abounds somewhat in contemporary magazines, it is because it is a late growth, and has come late to market. If it has a peculiar charm, and claims space and excites attention, it is partly because the great system of compensations which helps to make life tolerable provides a special endowment of romance for defeat.

But the *Post-Express* is right in saying that Mr. Page's article is charming. Read it. It will warm your heart, and bring you nearer to Virginia and all the South. And more than that, it will help you to realize what a terrific job it was to thrash the Southern Confederacy, and with what terrible thoroughness it was done. If it is true that the "Southern fad" prevails in the magazines, the younger generation of Americans should avail themselves of the chance it offers them to learn what manner of men it was that their fathers fought, and what sort of a task it was to crush slavery and rebellion and maintain the Union. If they also learn sympathy with their brethren in the South, and respect for Southern fortitude and endurance, even those are lessons that Christianity would not condemn, and that the truest patriotism could not hesitate to foster.

That same Christmas HARPER'S abounds in other articles besides Mr. Page's, which, while not open to the objection of being Christmas literature, excite such sentiments as suit the Christmas season. Where could one find more of the atmosphere of peace and good-will than in such homely love-stories as Miss Jewett's "A Second Spring" and Mrs. Stuart's romance of the Simpkinsville Post-office? And surely it is excusable at Christmas-time to indulge what may be a weak propensity for literature that is pleasant. It abounds in the Christmas HARPER'S, with plenty enough besides that is critical or informing, or more seriously edifying. And such pictures, too, by Reinhart, Abbey, Frost, Smedley, Pyle, Hyde, Carleton—many old friends and many new ones! Verily the American Christmas magazine is a marvel, and in the current number of HARPER'S one sees it at its very best.

A well-known characteristic of the late James R. Osgood was his devotion to his friends. He was exceedingly kind. His heart was so large that there was room in it for a great many people, and he always seemed to keep it full, and to make it part of the important business of his life that the people whom he liked should find this world a pleasant and hospitable place of sojourn. Ties of friendship were as strong and as influential with him as ties of blood or kinship or business interest are with other people. He spent himself for his friends constantly, generously, and as long as he lived. This characteristic has been recognized in the inscription of the memorial stone that has been placed upon his grave in Kensal Green Cemetery. It runs:

TO
JAMES R. OSGOOD
A CHERISHED COMPANION AND LOYAL FRIEND

BORN AT FRYEBURGH, MAINE, U.S.A.
22ND FEBRUARY, 1836
DIED IN LONDON, 18TH MAY, 1893

THIS MEMORIAL IS ERECTED BY THE MANY
WHO RESPECTED AND LOVED HIM

It is proposed, and there is obvious propriety in the suggestion, that the cost of this monument shall be defrayed by contributions, not to exceed twenty-five dollars each, from people who would feel it a privilege to contribute. A circular to that effect, which has been sent out to the more intimate of Mr. Osgood's American friends, states that communications may be addressed, and checks sent, to Mr. J. Henry Harper, of Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York city, or to Mr. Henry M. Rogers, 42 Court Street, Boston.

In the fervor of its disapproval of contemporary football, the *Evening Post* goes so far as to refer to Wellington's remark that Waterloo was won on the Eton football field as an "apocryphal saying." The *Post's* position would be stronger if it accepted the remark (which has a currency of half a century to back it) and simply denied that the Duke knew enough about Waterloo to make his opinion valuable. In support of this position it might bring forward the fact that he named the fight after a village which, as Victor Hugo has pointed out, had no part in the battle, and was half a league from the scene of action. Germans have spoken of it as the battle of St. Lambert, Frenchmen have called it Mont St.-Jean, but Wellington's name has stuck. He and Waterloo have kept the credit of the fight, which was not fought at Waterloo at all, and possibly was not won on the Eton football field, but over German chess-boards. What did Wellington know about Waterloo, anyhow, compared with what the *Post* knows about football?

Next year will be the last in which Baireuth will have a European monopoly of the production of Wagner's *Parsifal*. It is the only one of Wagner's operas that remains subject to copyright restrictions. The Austrians have wanted to produce it in Vienna, but Wagner's heirs have succeeded in getting their rights respected, and it will be brought out for the first time outside of Baireuth in January, 1895, at Prague.

An exploit unprecedented in the annals of opera was the recent production at La Scala, in Milan, of the new opera *Signa*, by F. H. Cowen, an English composer. It is founded on Ouida's novel of the same name, and was to have been brought out in London at Mr. D'Oyley Carte's English Opera-house. But Mr. Carte did not stick to opera long enough to reach it, and Mr. Cowen's contract with Mr. Carte prevented him from producing it elsewhere in London; so he took it to Italy, and for the first time the Italians have heard an opera by a living English composer.

The latest newspaper report about Mr. R. L. Stevenson is dated "San Francisco, November 23d," and represents him as being in a precarious condition from a complication of measles and whooping-cough. It usually takes about ten days for the denial of one of these reports to overtake it. It is odd that they should come with such regularity. Possibly it is because Mr. Stevenson is seldom well. Not improbably it is because he does not care for visitors, and sends down word when the steamer is sighted at Apia that he is sick abed, and not likely to recover.

In describing the simple habits of the late Marshal Macmahon, the London *Times* says that he took a cup of black coffee when he got up, and "breakfasted towards noon, spending almost as little time at his meals as an American man of business."

How is it about that? Has the *Times* been reading *Martin Chuzzlewit*, or do American business men still bolt their food so fast as to deserve to be cited as awful examples of hasty feeding?

E. S. MARTIN.

"TORO, TORO!"

A DISTINGUISHED newspaper man said to me the other day, in a conversation: "No, I do not like American history; it is brutal—crude—lacking in *finesse*. I prefer that of Germany, France, or Italy." His mind was a well-arranged one, and he lacked imagination. I do, however, like American history, and I think the newspaper man was probably right in his arraignment of it.

I sat on the veranda of the New York Athletic Club at Travers Island one day while an old gentleman by my side reminisced. He had gone to California as a boy, and had owned and operated a cattle ranch there before "the winter of '49," and when he had done I went home and did the picture of "Toro, Toro!" Since I have never seen an ancient California Indian do the "vaquero act," it must stand for what it is worth. And I am prepared to shift a good deal of responsibility on to the gentleman who sat talking on the veranda. The old-time vaqueros were all Indians, and their hats were imported from Chili. They dressed in cotton and leather, and were not the expensive and betinselled beings which have gone into popular fancy any more than the soldiers of Valley Forge were dressed in velvet coats and yellow silk stockings. The handkerchief over the face is worn by all cowboys in the round-up to keep the dust out of their mouths and eyes. Mexicans and Indians never take off a serape until the sun is high, for fear of pneumonia, to which they are much addicted.

I can only tell of the situation of the picture as the old gentleman narrated it, which was like this: "How the men did have to work—at daybreak in the saddle, then scattering up along the draws and cañons, far up into the mountains! Then come the wild cattle from all points, followed by the charging vaqueros, yelling, swinging their *reatas*, until the little bunches melt into the sea of horned animals around which the watchful sentinels gallop, pursuing the brutes that try to leave the herd. At times a maddened steer breaks for the hills, and away he goes, with the mettlesome little pony following, without touch of spur or rein, over gully and chaparral, while the tall graceful vaquero is slowly gathering his rope. A few times the rawhide turns slowly and gracefully in the air, and with a whiz and a jerk the noose has tightened on the horns—two quick turns about the horn of the saddle—the little pony gives a brace, and the steer goes heels up to the ground with a thud that sickens him of any further escapade."

They were glorious old days, now grown mellow to the mind of the man who had long forgotten the anxieties which must have attended his youthful days. It was a quaint baronial existence, under the blue sky, with the mountains standing about, and the whitewashed adobe lying so quiet and contented in the great valley below. The hum of insects, the cigarettes, the blue shadows, and the listless waiting for the processes of nature, always slow, in contrast with the bellowing, roaring *rodeo*, the straining ropes and surging muscles, the blood in torrents—and then the profits were a neat sum for a young man to contemplate. But it's all past now—it's a memory. I was in California this spring for the first time, and I saw nothing of it. An old Californian out there said: "No, it's all over—these one-lunged people from New England are running this State—they are raising fruit and wheat and putting up wire fences, and they outvote us. I wish they had never come."

I agreed with him.

FREDERIC REMINGTON.

YOU FEEL READY TO GO TO WAR

With all mankind when your liver is out of order. Drastic cathartic pills will neither regulate your liver nor sweeten your temper. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, though, will bring comfort and calm, relieve your bowels pleasantly, and disperse all the symptoms of biliousness. Incomparable is it, too, for malarial, kidney, and rheumatic ailments, dyspepsia, and nervous debility.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ARE YOU MARRIED?

IT is the small annoyances that worry—sour milk overnight, no milkman in the morning; no cream for the coffee; no milk for the baby. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is always ready for use. Obtainable everywhere.—[*Adv.*]

PHILLIPS' DIGESTIBLE COCOA

is a valuable substitute for tea or coffee. It nourishes while they only stimulate. A superior drink for women. —[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,

"The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

DOCTOR TO PATIENT.—"Why, you are using the wrong medicine." "No, sir, the right medicine, WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS."—[*Adv.*]

ADD 20 drops of Dr. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS to every glass of water you drink.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS, 25 cents a box.—[*Adv.*]

No Anti-Pyrine in BROMO-SELTZER.
Cures all headaches—trial bottle 10c.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Delightful and Refreshing

Bottled at the Apollinaris Spring Rhenish Prussia.

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

"The leading dietetic Table Water."

NEW YORK TRIBUNE,
December 18th, 1892.

Pall Mall Magazine.

December (Christmas) Number.

192 pages of letterpress, profusely illustrated, and two colored plates. Important contributions from the best writers and artists of the day.

EDITED BY
Lord Frederic Hamilton, M. P., and Sir Douglas Straight.

Bobs, a poem, by **RUDYARD KIPLING.**
Lord Ormont and his Aminta (Chaps. I—III), by **GEORGE MEREDITH.**
The Ghosts of Austerlitz, by **WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR.**
The Mystery of the Hacienda, by **BRET HARTE.**
Etc., Etc., Etc.

THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE has proved the success of the year in periodical literature.

Editorial Offices: 18 Charing Cross Road, W. C. Publishing Offices: London—George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., Broadway, Ludgate Hill, E. C. Manchester—George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., 16 Jackson's Row. NEW YORK—THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY. Toronto—The Toronto News Co. Montreal—The Montreal News Co.

We Manufacture, Import, Deal in
STEREOPTICONS,
Accessory Apparatus,
Lantern Slides.
This Season's Specialty,
World's-Fair Slides.
Write for Catalogue V.
McIntosh Battery & Optical Co.,
141 & 143 Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

Getting Thin

is often equivalent to getting ill. If loss of flesh can be arrested and disease baffled the "weak spots" in the system are eradicated.

Scott's Emulsion

is an absolute corrective of "weak spots." It is a builder of worn out failing tissue—*nature's food* that stops *waste* and creates healthy flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by druggists everywhere.

F. BOOSS & BRO.

Established 1853.

FINE FURS

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

HIGHEST AWARD, CENTENNIAL, 1876.

Forty-first Season.

We have a choice stock of superb Furs made into the latest and most elegant designs in

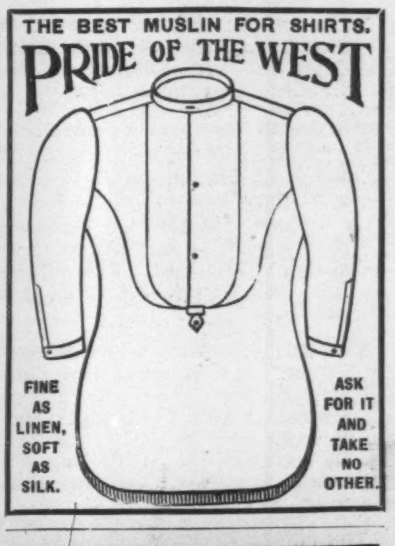
FUR GARMENTS,

which we are offering at
THE LOWEST PRICES.
Our exclusive designs in

Reefer Coats, Loose Front Coats, Empire Coats, Louis XVI. Capes, Columbus Capes, Umbrella Capes, Sacques, and Newmarkets.

Muffs and Fur Neck Scarfs, and Furs of every description in Seal, Mink, Russian Sable, Astrakhan, Persian Lamb, Marten, and all the finer Furs.
Every variety of Fur Trimming.

F. Booss & Bro.
449 BROADWAY, 26 MERCER ST.
Grand St. "L" Station. Telephone 388 Spring.
Catalogues Mailed on Application.


THE BEST MUSLIN FOR SHIRTS.
PRIDE OF THE WEST
FINE AS LINEN, SOFT AS SILK.
ASK FOR IT AND TAKE NO OTHER.

H. C. CURTIS & CO'S
25¢
Trufant
TRADE MARK
BEST AWARD
WORLD'S
FAIR
FACTORIES TROY N.Y.
LINEN LINED

AGENTS WANTED—The work is easy, pleasant, and adapted to both young and old of either sex. GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 1664, Portland, Maine.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH; or, Maid, Wife, and Widow. A Matter-of-fact Romance. By CHARLES READE. With Photogravure Portrait, and 550 Illustrations from Drawings by WILLIAM MARTIN JOHNSON. Two volumes. 8vo, Illuminated Silk, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $8 00. (*In a Box.*)

THE MASTERS AND MASTERPIECES OF ENGRAVING. By WILLIS O. CHAPIN. Illustrated with Sixty Engravings and Heliogravures. 8vo, Ornamental Leather, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $10 00. (*In a Box.*)

LETTERS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Edited by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. With Three Photogravure Portraits. Two Volumes. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $8 00; Three-quarter Calf, $12 50. (*In a Box.*)

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE" FOR 1893. Vol. XIV. With about 800 Illustrations and 904 pages. 4to, Cloth, Ornamental, $3 50.

THE CHRIST-CHILD IN ART. A Study of Interpretation. By HENRY VAN DYKE. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $4 00.

THE COAST OF BOHEMIA. A Novel. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50.

RIDERS OF MANY LANDS. By THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE, Brevet Lieutenant-colonel U.S. Army. Illustrated with Numerous Drawings by FREDERIC REMINGTON, and from Photographs of Oriental Subjects. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $4 00.

A MOTTO CHANGED. A Novel. By JEAN INGELOW. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00.

THE MATE OF THE "MARY ANN." By SOPHIE SWETT, Author of "Flying Hill Farm," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25. (In "Harper's Young People Series.")

AS WE GO. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. With Portrait and Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00. (In "Harper's American Essayists.")

EVERYBODY'S GUIDE TO MUSIC. By JOSIAH BOOTH. With Illustrations. Square 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, 75 cents.

ILLUSTRATED BIBLE DICTIONARY, and Treasury of Biblical History, Biography, Geography, Doctrine, and Literature. By M. G. EASTON, M.A., D.D. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

TO RIGHT THE WRONG. A Novel. By EDNA LYALL, Author of "In the Golden Days," etc. With 36 Illustrations. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

MOLTKE'S WORKS. New Volumes:

"Field-marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke as a Correspondent." Translated by MARY HERMS. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

"Essays, Speeches, and Memoirs of Field-marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke." Translated. Two Volumes. With Two Portraits. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00. (*In a Box.*)

THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN SOUTHERN EUROPE. Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through Italy, Southern France, and Spain, with Visits to Gibraltar and the Islands of Sicily and Malta. By THOMAS W. KNOX. Profusely Illustrated. Square 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $3 00.

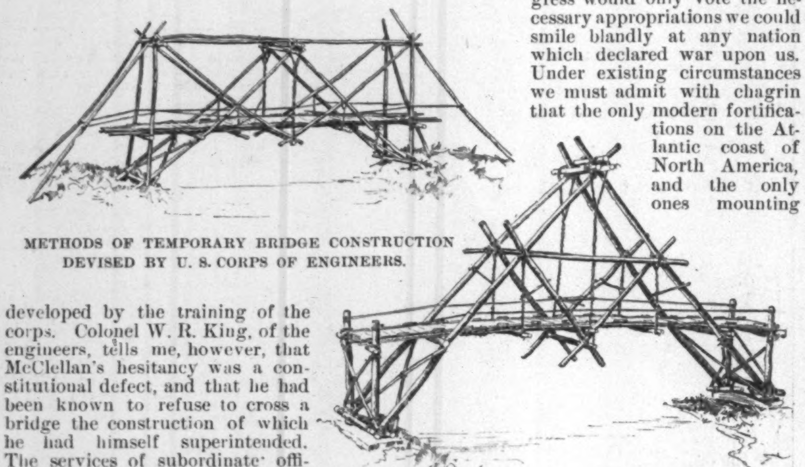
THE PRINCE OF INDIA; Or, Why Constantinople Fell. By LEW. WALLACE, Author of "Ben-Hur," "The Boyhood of Christ," etc. 2 Volumes. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 50; Half Leather, $4 00; Three-Quarter Leather, $5 00; Three-Quarter Calf, $6 00; Three-Quarter Crushed Levant, $8 00. (*In a Box.*)

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of price. HARPER'S CATALOGUE *will be sent to any address on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

THE UNITED STATES ENGINEER CORPS.

THE duties of a military engineer may be epitomized as follows: He must aid in every way in bringing his army face to face with the enemy, and then turn in and fight. He must be equally expert with the hammer, the spade, and the rifle. He plans and builds fortifications, points out where the guns should be placed in position, and is ready to fight the guns if necessary. The United States Engineer Corps are carpenters, bridge-builders, electricians, sappers and miners, and withal as well drilled a body of soldiers as our army can boast of.


METHODS OF TEMPORARY BRIDGE CONSTRUCTION DEVISED BY U. S. CORPS OF ENGINEERS.

Nothing can be more ridiculous than the impression which prevails in many quarters that the military engineer is a mere mechanic and non-combatant. Would you call Robert E. Lee, the greatest general on the Southern side in the civil war, Meade, who defeated him at Gettysburg, Hooker, who fought the "battle above the clouds," or Beauregard non-combatants? Yet these had all been officers in the Engineer Corps. Many of General McClellan's critics have laid his hesitancy to the fact that he was an engineer, claiming that thought rather than action was developed by the training of the corps. Colonel W. R. King, of the engineers, tells me, however, that McClellan's hesitancy was a constitutional defect, and that he had been known to refuse to cross a bridge the construction of which he had himself superintended. The services of subordinate officers of engineers have been of the greatest importance in the field. Scott employed them in his Mexican campaign to choose points of vantage for battle; and it was an officer of engineers who discovered that Little Round Top was the key of the situation at Gettysburg, and hurried the Union forces to its occupancy just as the Confederates were massing for the same purpose.

The military engineer is as old as the earliest engine of war. For the builder of it was a military engineer in fact if not in name. No sooner had he built it than another military engineer set about devising means of resisting its destructive effects; and this sort of thing is still going on, only, instead of building catapults and erecting walls to resist them, we are building great rifled guns and modern fortifications; that is, we in the United States should be doing these things. But, as a matter of fact, foreign nations are building the guns and we are not building the fortifications. How long the term military engineer has been in use may be judged from the fact that it was he whom to have "hoist with his own petar" Shakespeare held great sport. But you would have to wait a long while before a United States engineer would contribute to this sport.

Our Engineer Corps dates from the Revolution. Its first chief was a French army officer, Du Portail, who numbered Kosciusko among his assistants. The forts and the chain barrier at West Point were built and the siege operations of Boston and Yorktown planned by the engineers. At the close of the Revolution, artillery and engineers were merged into one corps and stationed at West Point, where they became the nucleus of the Military Academy. In 1802 a separate corps of engineers and artillery was created, the engineer corps consisting of a major, two captains, four lieutenants, and ten cadets. A corps of topographical engineers was also organized; but at the outbreak of the civil war the two engineer corps were consolidated. Until 1866 the Military Academy at West Point was part of the engineer corps. But—so the story runs—at the obsequies of General Scott the commandant neglected to furnish carriages for the committee of Congress which attended the funeral, which so incensed the committee that through its influence the control of the Military Academy was taken away from the engineers. As at present constituted, the corps consists of one hundred and eighteen officers, the chief of the corps being a brigadier-general, the only officer of that grade in the corps, and four companies of enlisted men, who form the battalion of engineers. From two to six of the brightest graduates of the Military Academy are annually assigned to the corps.

Three of the four companies of the engineer battalion are stationed at Willets Point, Long Island Sound. Here they not only go through the drills and perform the usual duties of the soldier, but also receive instruction in the varied work required of a military engineer. This is in the main a thoroughly practical course, the work being performed just as if the battalion were in the field. Pontoon-bridges are constructed (several pontoons at Willets Point saw service during Sherman's march to the sea, and a number were brought into requisition after the Johnstown flood), field-works are laid out, sieges, surveys, and reconnaissances conducted. Instruction in torpedo service is also one of the branches of work at Willets Point, this important auxiliary in coast defence being in charge of the corps of engineers.

The Engineer Corps has also developed a humorist, Captain Derby, better known to fame by his literary name, "John Phœnix." At West Point he perpetrated a joke which is one of the classics of the corps. The *Theoretical Journal* of the siege prescribes just what is to be done in investing a fortification, with the invariable result—theoretical, of course—that the works are obliged to surrender within a certain number of days. Professor Mahan called upon Derby to explain how with a given number of guns and strength of garrison he would defend a fort.

"I would immediately evacuate the fort, then lay siege to it, and recapture it in forty-one days," replied Derby.

The Engineer Corps has worked out a complete system of coast defence, and if Congress would only vote the necessary appropriations we could smile blandly at any nation which declared war upon us. Under existing circumstances we must admit with chagrin that the only modern fortifications on the Atlantic coast of North America, and the only ones mounting modern guns, are those at England's new gateway to India, Halifax, Canada, which is a veritable Gibraltar.

Colonel King, who is in command at Willets Point, an officer of large experience, having been through the civil war, told me during a conversation on this subject that our old forts, with modern guns, and with far less additional strengthening than is usually supposed, could be defended against any fleet now afloat. He does not believe that actual service tests bear out the deductions from proving-ground tests.

"For instance," said Colonel King, "experiments on the proving-ground show that a sand parapet to be proof against modern ordnance should be seventy feet thick. But the actual service test at Alexandria entirely disproved this. More than one hundred guns, from the 16-inch rifle down, were in action on the British side, yet but one earth-work, and that only twelve feet thick, was penetrated. The defences of Alexandria were mainly earth-works, yet their bombardment by the British fleet of eight heavy ironclads and half a dozen smaller vessels wrought so little havoc that had the works been defended by Anglo-Saxons they could have repaired at night the damage done during the day."

Colonel King believes in the efficiency of sand for fortifications, and considers that sand and earth-works should be used wherever there is room for them. The resistance of sand increases at a greater ratio than the velocity from increasing charges of powder; for sand will scratch right into steel, and as there are no fragments in sand, the effect of an exploding shell is entirely local. Colonel King does not regard the old-fashioned ordnance now mounted in our forts as entirely useless. In his opinion, our old 10-inch smoothbores are convertible into 8-inch rifles, against which no fleet could stand at close quarters, and would be most serviceable in protecting torpedoes. Colonel King considers the torpedo, when used promiscuously, a good deal "like a gun in a watermelon patch." Their proper place in his view is in a channel under fire of our own guns, to prevent an enemy from forcing his way through.

In regard to the comparative efficiency of forts and ships for harbor defence, Colonel King said: "It was known long before the civil war that masonry unmasked by earth could be knocked to pieces. Yet Dupont's fine fleet was held at bay—in fact, driven back—by old brick Sumter. In fact, the day after the bombardment the fort reported as more serviceable. But earlier in the war this very fort had been reduced by a shore battery." These views are interesting as coming from a distinguished officer of engineers.

An American is but little hampered by tradition. As a rule, he hasn't much reverence for it. He solves problems in his own practical way, quite indifferent as to how those who went before him solved them. It would therefore have been very surprising if our civil war had not developed some new ideas in military engineering. Important among these was the use of hastily thrown up field-works, which have since then become a feature of modern warfare.

When Banks's and Porter's expedition was retreating down the Red River, the water had fallen so low that the fleet was stopped by the low water above the Alexandria rapids, and at one time it seemed that it would have to be abandoned. But Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Bailey, who had entered the corps from civil life, having been a civil engineer, threw a temporary dam over 750 feet long across the river below the rapids, raised the water 6½ feet, and floated the fleet down, the construction of the dam occupying only ten days.

In building pontoon and more substantial bridges the corps was also highly successful during the war. Work of this kind proceeds upon a regular system, in which the men are carefully drilled, each man knowing just what he has to do and how to do it. Thus pontoon-bridges can be thrown across streams at a rate of from 200 to 300 feet per hour. The corps also performs work on more substantial structures with extraordinary rapidity, and has the record of erecting a trestle bridge 400 feet long and 80 feet high across the Potomac Creek, Virginia, in nine working days, cutting the timber for it on the spot.

An immense amount of work not properly of a military character is done by the United States Engineer Corps, such as boundary and lake surveys and river and harbor improvements, the most notable operations of this kind being at Hell Gate and on the Mississippi. Each light-house district in the United States calls for the services of an officer of the corps, and all matters of light-house construction and repair are assigned to engineer officers. In fact, the conquests of the corps are as numerous in peace as in war.

In the great parades in New York during recent years the battalion from Willets Point has presented as fine an appearance as any of the troops. The United States engineers may be mechanics and electricians, but they are first of all soldiers.

GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

AMATEVR · SPORT

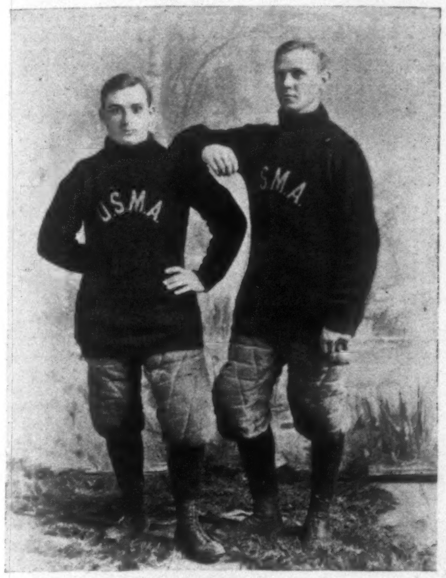
PRINCETON DEFEATED YALE, 6–0, on Thanksgiving day, in a game showing the finest football of this year of advanced skill. It was the greatest contest from first to last ever played on an American field—great in the physical strength and endurance of the twenty-two men, for it is safe to say that an hour and a half of harder football was never played; greater in their skill, but greatest in showing to the forty thousand spectators that filled every available square foot of space within the Manhattan Field enclosure, and overflowed on the surrounding hills and other points of observation, that a game of football can be played without slugging. Mr. Godkin, the football editor of the *Evening Post*, must have been disappointed in the hard, clean exhibition. Only once was the umpire called upon to warn a player.

It was a decided triumph for the Princeton coaches, since it has been said at different times and by various authorities that they had not kept pace with the game down at the New Jersey university. The team they turned out this year, however, proved that not only had they kept pace with the ultra game, with its flying wedge and kindred plays, but had brought their eleven up to a degree of perfection in good straight football, with its interference and team play, that has never been excelled, and equalled by only one or two of Yale's star elevens. Let us hear no more of Princeton not being in the same class with Harvard and Yale, for if there is any defining of class this year, the orange and black must be placed by itself, and at the top. Not only did it completely outplay Yale at every point of the game, except punting, but it was the only team that could keep Pennsylvania's very strong offensive play from scoring. Pennsylvania scored on both Harvard and Yale, but could not by its most desperate work cross the Princeton goal-line.

BUT THOSE WHO TALK OF CLASS among these four great universities talk without thinking. While of course Yale and Princeton must be considered better than either Harvard or Pennsylvania, it is only a question of time, when Harvard acquires "spirit" and Pennsylvania more skill along the lines they have laid this year, when there will be very little choice between them. This year we have seen Harvard defeated, first because her team depended on a few showy Deland tricks, and, ostrichlike, poked its head into Yale's line, leaving the vital part exposed to the blue rushers, and second, because her team lacked "sand."

Pennsylvania has been defeated by all three, because, despite her weight and some very clever men in and behind her line, notably Thornton, Oliver, Simmons, Vail, Knipe, Brooke, Osgood, she has not yet reached the skill of the other three. There has been no distinctive school or system until this year, when Woodruff, the old Yale guard, established one, and of course on the Yale basis. That she has developed some fine playing, her scoring against Yale particularly shows, and next year we must expect a still better game from the Pennsylvania team. They did not end the season with Harvard so well as they began it with Princeton and Yale; for their game at Cambridge on Thanksgiving day had neither the desperation nor the skill they showed against both their other opponents, largely because of the precedent that always instinctively makes a Pennsylvania team play its hardest against Yale and Princeton, and partly because the eleven had been on edge in the first two games, and could hardly be expected to maintain it for the Harvard struggle two weeks after its second.

AMES, CENTRE.
Military Academy.



HARBESON, RIGHT END. CARSON (CAPT.), FULL-BACK.
Military Academy.

STACY, RIGHT HALF.
Military Academy.

If one thought at all of a separate class, it was only when Princeton and Yale came together on Manhattan Field, for he who had seen all four elevens play realized instantly that these teams and their coaches knew more football than all the others combined.

If indeed there were to be a class, we should, based on this year's play, call the Harvard game practice for Yale, and the Pennsylvania ditto for Princeton; but of course I am only giving a little dose of their own reasoning to some of these rampant brothers we all know, who, when unable to meet on any other common stamping-ground, drag forth that much battered and dust-laden "dual league" fetich, and soothe their otherwise ruffled feelings by reciprocal "if's" and "and's" and "oh my's."

In all seriousness, however, Yale and Princeton have beyond question proved themselves greater masters of football science than the others—not merely by the fact that they won, but by the character of game they played. Nor does only this year's play decide that matter. Yale's position in football science is certainly unquestioned, and Princeton's record of victories over Harvard, and the style of game the two have played, go to show that they have always at Princeton put up a more up-to-date game and played better football all round than at Harvard. Curiously enough, Harvard, with twice as many students, her magnificent material, and the many fine players she has graduated, has never been able to get together until this year, and even then she could not muster up stability enough to persist in a system.

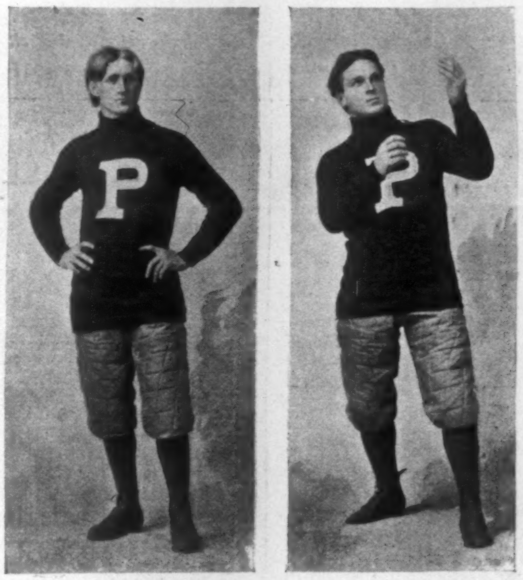
Harvard seems not to have learned the lesson the others mastered long ago with first principles. And yet how simple! How shall any college expect to turn out winning teams until she has organized a system, and graduated men in that system who can return to coach, and thus start a school? Harvard seems always seeking for short-cuts to success. If she will now at last profit by experience, retain the coaches she has had this year, drop Deland tricks, except as the merest incidentals to a game, and buckle down to good straight football, such as Lewis, Perry Trafford, Cumnock, Hallowell, and several others can teach her, there will be some chance of her keeping abreast of the times and playing as good football as Yale and Princeton.

But I have digressed far from the Thanksgiving-day game between Yale and Princeton, and must get back to it, for space is limited, and it is a pleasing story to tell, with its two halves abounding in skilled and plucky play on both sides.

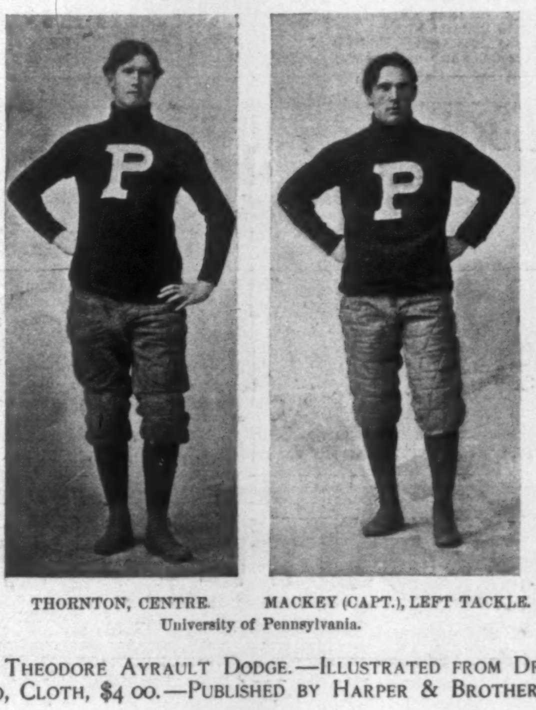
Princeton won the toss and took the ball, starting off with one of those flying wedges which have become so popular with all teams (and must be legislated against before another season of play), and gained 20 yards before being downed. The next two plays were not so successful, and Yale, on a fumble in the centre, received the ball by Stillman's sharp work. Yale's attempt to send Greenway through the line failed by Wheeler's breaking through and downing him, so on the next down Butterworth kicked to Princeton's 45-yard line, where Yale got it on four downs, the blue line standing solid. Yale sent Greenway and Armstrong for 10 yards at this point, and then the ball went to Princeton for off-side play by Yale. It is not my purpose to follow each "down" of this great game, but only to lead up to the point where both teams had settled to their work, and from which began a series of brilliant plays that were maintained up to the very last call of time, beginning with Morse's beautiful run around Greenway's end for 35 yards, which was ended by Butterworth's fine tackle. Princeton followed by a punt that sent the ball to Yale's five-yard line, where Butterworth once again distinguished himself by a good catch.

Yale made several attempts to get the ball out of such dangerous ground by bucking Princeton's line, but was finally obliged to punt, and Butterworth for this once only failed to do himself justice, for 25 yards was all the kick gained.

Yale had discovered by this time that the Princeton line was too strong to get through, and that, on the other hand, her own defensive game, although superb, was not proof against Princeton's two half-backs, Morse and Ward. Therefore at this point the blue began the tactics that were kept up throughout the game. When Princeton worked the ball into their territory it was passed to Butterworth for a kick, with the single exception of Butterworth's very pretty run of 25 yards through the Princeton team on a caught punt. Yale's gains with the ball in hand were very small. They could not make their distance after this star run, and the ball went to Princeton on four downs. Blake promptly punted to Princeton's 50-yard line, where Yale could not gain, and Butterworth sent it back to the orange-and-black 20-yard line, the nearest the ball came to Princeton's goal throughout the game. It was carried back to the 35-yard line, where Yale secured it, but lost it almost immediately on downs. Starting at their own 30-yard line, Princeton began an exhibition of wonderful ground-gaining that carried the ball straight down to Yale's 25-yard line, where it went to the blue, and Yale punted it out to their 40-yard mark, only to have the orange and black again begin the onslaught that landed them across the goal-line, and gave Princeton her first touch-down against Yale since 1889.



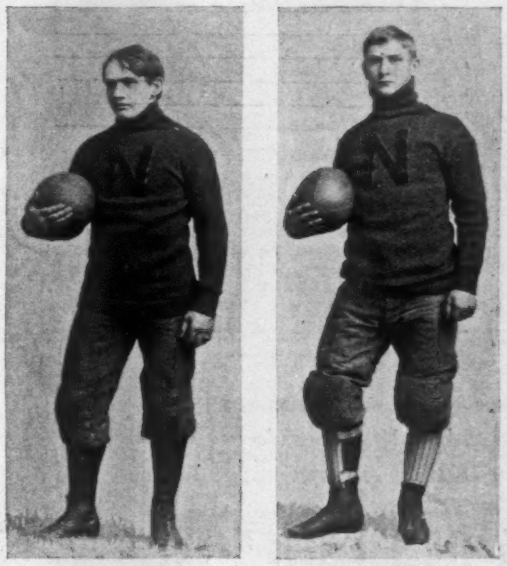
SIMMONS, LEFT END. BROOKE, FULL-BACK.
University of Pennsylvania.



THORNTON, CENTRE. MACKEY (CAPT.), LEFT TACKLE.
University of Pennsylvania.

IZARD, HALF-BACK.
Naval Academy.

Yale fought every inch of the way to her goal-line, and her defensive game was great, but the Princeton charge was not to be checked. King kicked a pretty goal, and the ball went to Yale in the centre of the field. By short desperate rushes Yale carried the ball to Princeton's 25-yard line before they lost it, where Princeton got it and worked it back 15 yards, only to have Yale take it once more to their 25-yard line. Blake punted 15 yards, and again Yale worked it down to Princeton's 26-yard line. Princeton had carried it back to their 45-yard line when time for the first half was called.



KAVANAGH (CAPTAIN), CENTRE. BOOKWALTER, QUARTER-BACK.
Naval Academy.

The first half had been the most brilliant football seen this season on any field, but it remained for the second to eclipse even that. Such errorless play is seldom seen. There had been but two fumbles in the first half, but there was not one in the second. Yale's well-known strength in the second half of a game had been seen so often that no one was surprised to note the added pace in their work when they started off the last half on Thanksgiving. Throughout the entire forty-five minutes it was the fastest, sharpest football two elevens ever played. Yale opened at a terrific gait that gained them 17 yards before Princeton got the ball, and after carrying it back a few yards lost it again by off-side play. Yale now punted, and the ball reached Princeton's 20-yard line (the diagram is incorrect in putting this kick at the 15-yard line). It was punted to their 45-yard line, where Yale, after gaining only a couple of yards, lost the ball for holding, and Princeton made haste to get it into Yale's territory by a punt of about 25 yards. From now on to the very end of the game Yale relied on Butterworth to save them from another touch-down. Whenever they got the ball it was passed to him for a kick; the entire distance gained in this half by Yale, with the ball in hand, was but 40 yards, against 200 yards by Princeton in the same half.

McCORMACK, RIGHT END.
Naval Academy.

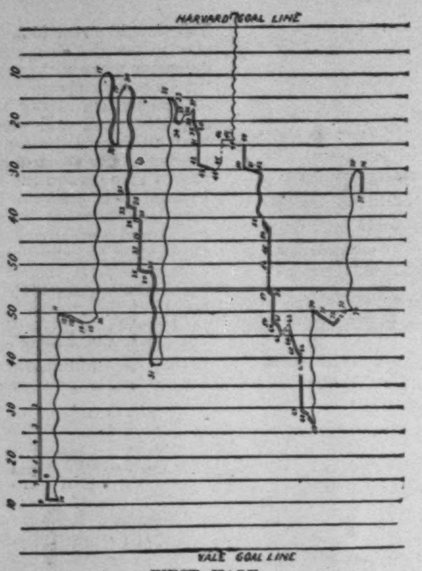
In the first half Princeton carried the ball 157 yards to Yale's 110, punting 138 to Yale's 113. Princeton punted but 95 yards in the second half to Yale's 225. Gradually in the second half the struggle drew nearer and nearer the Yale goal, and only their magnificent defensive game saved them from two touch-downs more being scored. The fight more than half the time was between the 20 and 30 yard lines. Three times Princeton had the ball on Yale's 10-yard line, and once on the five. Such line-breaking as the orange and black showed in this last half especially, though it was so all through the game, has seldom been seen; never, in fact, for no 'varsity eleven's brilliant work was ever done against such a strong team as Princeton had against her Thursday.

Morse and Ward were alternately sent through the Yale line at every point of it from end to end, and Wheeler gained whenever called on. So the struggle went on until the 45 minutes of play in the second half had elapsed, and Yale, by hard, heady play, had protected her goal against the most terrific onslaught any eleven was ever called on to withstand.

Of Princeton's eleven every man played up to his best form, and kept at that pitch straight through the game. As a matter of fact, every man played the game of his life, and they were in the physical condition to do it. Yale's added pace in the second half had no terrors for them, as they not only saw it, but went the blue one better. The whole team showed that it was on that field to play the best and hardest football it knew how, and they went in as if they meant to win.

Their team-work was fast and clever. The runners got

"RIDERS OF MANY LANDS."—By Colonel Theodore Ayrault Dodge.—Illustrated from Drawings by Remington, and from Photographs.
8vo, Cloth, $4 00.—Published by Harper & Brothers.

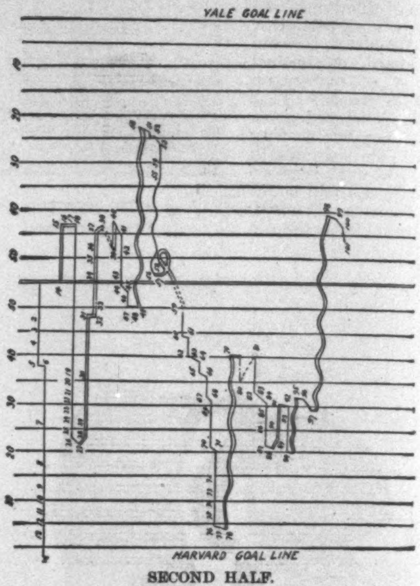


FIRST HALF.

off quickly, and when they struck the line they kept going, backed up by every man that could get into the play. The best team Yale ever sent out of New Haven never equalled this Princeton eleven in the number of men who got into every play, and got into it to some purpose. Their interference was skilfully planned and deftly executed, and both Hinkey and Greenway, two of the cleverest ends that ever played on a team, went down before it more times than they broke it up.

Of the Princeton individuals it is hard to pick out especial ones for commendation. Every one of them played his position for all it was worth. Wheeler looms up most prominently of them all by his magnificent work in blocking, breaking through, tackling, and diagnosing Yale's plays, and the quality of his work stands out the clearer for the reason that he faced Hickok, a veteran, and one of the best guards in the country. Lea, at tackle, overshadowed Murphy, with whom Newell, the great Harvard tackle, had his hands full at Springfield, and, in my judgment, showed the best game at that position of the season. Taylor was so good that McCrea could not block him, and Holly played a superior game to any he ever put up. He has improved out of all recognition, and was too strong for Beard. Trenchard played a wonderful game, especially on interference, and ran his team more ably than any Princeton captain in my recollection. He played a stronger game than Hinkey. Brown, on the other end, well matched Greenway, and once or twice got the better of him. King played a great game; only once was there a fumble, which his brilliant 30-yard run quite offset. His tackling and passing throughout were of the best. The ground-gaining of Ward and Morse has seldom been equalled against such a strong line as Yale's. Their line-bucking and running behind interference were strong and clever. Blake deserves great credit for his punting, which showed very favorably against Butterworth's, and for the level head he kept on his shoulders. His try for a goal from the field was weak, but he more-than made up for it. Princeton has the making of a great full-back in him, and if they can develop a quarter next year as good they will be very strong behind the line.

Nor does all the glory of the day belong to the victorious eleven. He who has lowered his colors after a gallant, skilful battle shares honors with his conqueror, and Yale fought valiantly from first to last. Those who saw the game must have been surprised to read in the *World* that Yale's work was "listless," that their men lost "heart and strength," that they "only played hard when their goal was menaced dangerously, and their offensive work was miserable in the extreme." Such comment is thoroughly unjust to the Yale team. It is simply untrue. They were never listless for a moment, nor was their offensive play miserable.



SECOND HALF.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

New Life, New Vigor
Experienced by all who have had occasion to use
VIN MARIANI
This Popular French Tonic-Stimulant is Invariably Agreeable and Efficacious,
STRENGTHENS, REFRESHES, RESTORES
THE VITAL FORCES.
When overworked, and for body or mental fatigue, nothing equals "VIN MARIANI" for immediate and lasting beneficial effect.
This assertion is based on
WRITTEN ENDORSEMENTS
from over 7,000 eminent Physicians and continued use over 30 years, in Hospitals, Public and Religious Institutions everywhere.
AT DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.
For Illustrated Book with Portraits and Autographs of Celebrities, address:
Mariani & Co., New York.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.
"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." —"*Civil Service Gazette.*"
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:
JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd.,
Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

DUPLICATE
WHIST
KALAMAZOO METHOD

Duplicate Whist.
For Home Amusement and instruction in the game of Whist the **Kalamazoo Method** is unequalled.
FOR CHRISTMAS GIFT to Whist Players it is just the thing. You can find Kalamazoo Duplicate Whist Sets on sale at all leading Stationery and Sporting-Goods Stores; Prices range from $3.00 to $14.00 per set.
Whist and Duplicate Whist Rules and Whist Etiquette as adopted by the 3rd American Whist Congress, 1893, sent to any address upon receipt of 2 ct. stamp.
IHLING BROS. & EVERARD, Kalamazoo, Mich.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

WANTED—5,000 LADIES' TO ASK THEIR OPTICIAN FOR A LLOYD PATENT EYEGLASS CASE. FREE.

Santa Claus
Souvenir Spoons

DESIGN COPYRIGHTED.
SOLID SILVER.
Price, $1.25 each; $15.00 per dozen. *For sale by all the better class of Jewellers.*
GORHAM MFG. CO., Silversmiths, Broadway and 19th St., N.Y.

ZOKA
A 4x5
Magazine Camera
CARRYING 12 PLATES OR FILMS, FOR
$10.00.
Leather Covered. Compact.
THE VERY THING FOR
A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
591 Broadway, NEW YORK.

● A Christmas Gift for Father, Brother, or Friend? If he's a Bank Director, Officer, or Clerk, give him the Most Useful Book Published—**The Bank Directors' Guide.** New. Price $1.50, postpaid. Order Circulars. KIRK & CO., Allegheny, Pa.

20th Edition, postpaid for 25c. (or stamps).
THE HUMAN HAIR,
Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S.
A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philada., Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

CALISAYA LA RILLA
AN EXQUISITE CORDIAL OF CALISAYA
CHAS. ALLEN REED 9 CLIFF ST. NEW YORK

CALISAYA
LA
RILLA,
A Tonic, is as valuable in the home as the medicine chest, and less dangerous.
It has the approval of cautious physicians.

CONSTIPATION CAUSE and CURE.
Address, UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CO., Dept. A30.
(Treatise mailed free.) 75 43d St., Chicago, Ill.

PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST COMPANY,
OF PHILADELPHIA,
In form of policy, prompt settlement of death losses, equitable dealing with policy-holders, in strength of organization, and in everything which contributes to the security and cheapness of Life Insurance, this Company is unexcelled.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK

Exact Size. *Perfecto.*
HIGHEST AWARD
at World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893. JACOB STAHL, Jr. & CO., Makers, 168th st. and 3d ave., New York. Send $1.00 for sample box of 10 cigars.

The most perfect toilet powder is
LA VELOUTINE FAY
Special Poudre de Riz
Prepared with bismuth by CH. FAY, Parfumer, 9, r. de la Paix, Paris
USE NONE OTHER
Caution.—None Genuine but those bearing the word « FRANCE » and the signature CH. FAY.

IDEAL MUSICAL BOXES
MAKE A DELIGHTFUL
WEDDING ANNIVERSARY AND
HOLIDAY PRESENT.

HIGHEST AWARD
MEDAL AND DIPLOMA AT THE
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.
Ideal Musical Boxes are the most complete, durable, and perfect boxes made. Produce the most exquisite music, and will play any number of tunes.
We have in stock 21 different styles from $70.00 up. These instruments are all guaranteed. Also a complete line of musical boxes of all styles and sizes, from 40 cents to $1500.00, and a line of musical novelties.
Send 4-cent stamp for 65-page illustrated catalogue with list of tunes.
JACOT & SON. 298 B'WAY N.Y. IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS

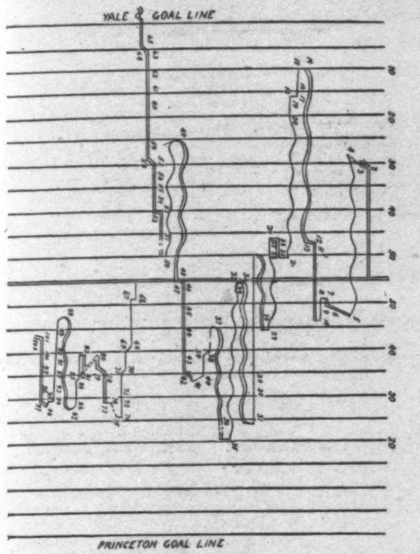
ANTHONY KENT
A thoroughly Cosmopolitan Novel,
By CHARLES STOKES WAYNE.
Prize Story in Christmas Number (10)
TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS
Just out.
All book and newsdealers throughout North America, or send price, 50 cts., to
TOWN TOPICS, 21 West 23d St., N. Y.
Critics agree that this is the strongest and most intensely interesting of this remarkable series of prize stories.
Look out for Christmas issue of "Town Topics," ready Dec. 7th. It will be a great one. Tell your newsdealer to save one for you, or send 25 cents postage stamps to above address.
N. B.—Have you read Amelie Rives' latest and best novel,
TANIS, THE SANG-DIGGER?
Just out.
12mo, cloth, gilt, $1.50—postpaid.

THE METROPOLITAN INFORMATION CONCERN,
153 Bible House, Astor Place, New York,
ANSWERS ANY QUESTIONS Scientific, Literary, Artistic, Commercial, Local, Political, Technical, } 50 cts EACH.
EXECUTES ANY ORDERS Mercantile, Legal, Personal } 50c. up
SEND FOR PLAN AND REFERENCES;
Among these are Rev. Dr. Gottheil, Henry George, Gordon & Dilworth, New York; Edward Osgood Brown, Chicago.

On the contrary, they played hard aggressive football from first to last, and their defensive game was magnificent; had it not been, Princeton would have scored two more touchdowns. They played with all the Yale dash, and I have failed to think out a weak spot in their entire team. Armstrong was the least effective back, but a man can hardly be called weak because he could not get through that wonderfully strong line of Princeton's. Both he and Thorne, so long as he lasted, played hard and well, and against any other line in the country their work would have been brilliant, as it was against Harvard. When Butterworth, who is nothing short of a wonder at line-bucking, could do so little, what could be expected of any back! What plunging Butterworth did was remarkable, and his punting, with two exceptions, equally good; one of his kicks was for 55 yards. His tackling, as well as that of all the men behind the line, was low and hard; twice he stood between the Yale goal and a Princeton runner, whom he brought down by a beautiful tackle. Adee at quarter tackled like a fiend, and kept his head on his shoulders; once he fumbled, but throughout got the ball back well, which is sufficient praise of itself, with the Princeton men breaking through all about him.

In the line Yale was equally good, Hickok and Stillman especially distinguishing themselves; the former made some pretty tackles, and the latter held his own well against such a skilled veteran as Balliett.

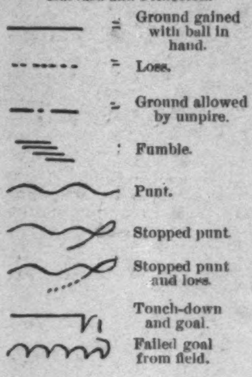
Yale lost from no fault of her men; they played the best and hardest game of football they knew how; nor did they lose because they were tired, or younger or lighter than Princeton. They went on to the field the most experienced eleven that ever lined up. In age the two teams averaged alike, and in weight Yale had almost five pounds per man the better of it.



FIRST HALF.

KEY TO FOOTBALL DIAGRAMS.

Single line, Yale. Double line, Harvard and Princeton.



They lost because they were outplayed; because the Princeton defensive game was strong enough to resist their hardest and most skilful play; because the Princeton forwards broke through, and killed most of their plays before they got under way; and because the offensive game of Princeton was so well directed and so thoroughly backed up that no line Yale ever had could have stopped it, and because every man on the Princeton eleven unfailingly followed the ball.

It is a fact worth noting that good straight football made more gains throughout the game than the new-fangled flying plays, which, after all, are the easiest diagnosed.

Of the brilliant play in which nearly every man of both teams was a part at one time or another during the game, we carry away especial remembrance of Morse's two pretty runs—one around Greenway for thirty-five yards, the other from a long pass around Hinkey for twenty; Trenchard's beautiful interference in the tandem plays and his long pass to Morse; King's twenty-yard run on a caught punt through the Yale eleven, and his interference and prominence in every play; Wheeler's breaking through, blocking, particularly his following the ball, and his ground-gaining sometimes with half the Yale team hanging to him—all of which stamps him the great Heffelfinger's equal; Blake's running catch of Butterworth's punt; Lea's clever play at tackle, and his pluck; Butterworth's twenty-five-yard run on a caught punt through the Princeton team, his tackling (twice saving a touch-down), and his fifty-five-yard punt; Thorne's desperate plunges into the Princeton stone wall; Adee's and Hickok's tackling; Hinkey's hard, clever work and his pluck. Indeed, no game was ever played that gave forth more individual flashes against the always brilliant team-work of each eleven.

Of the make-up of the two teams, Princeton had five of last year's 'varsity in her line—Balliett, Wheeler, Lea, Holly, and Trenchard, and two behind the line—King and Morse; so that they had to develop this year a guard, an end, one half and a full back. Of these all were undergraduates but Balliett and King, both of whom are pursuing post-graduate courses.

In the Yale line there were also five of last year's 'varsity—Stillman, McCrea, Hickok, Hinkey, and Greenway, while back of it Butterworth alone represented the veterans. That left two tackles, a quarter, and two half-backs to develop. Beard, who played one tackle, is a veteran at the game, and Adee captained the second eleven last year. All are undergraduates. The scores of the two universities since the present system of counting points began, in '83, follows:

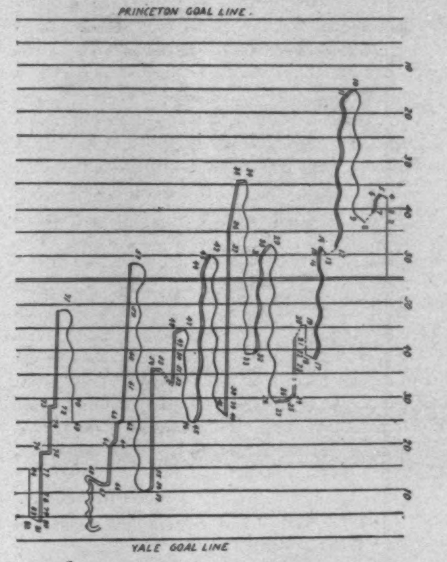
1883.	Yale–Princeton...	6–0	1888.	Yale–Princeton...	10–0
*1884.	Yale–Princeton...	6–4	1889.	Princeton–Yale...	10–0
1885.	Princeton–Yale...	6–5	1890.	Yale–Princeton...	32–0
*1886.	Yale–Princeton...	4–0	1891.	Yale–Princeton...	19–0
1887.	Yale–Princeton...	12–0	1892.	Yale–Princeton...	12–0
* Unfinished.			1893.	Princeton–Yale...	6–0

There has been so much to say about this game that it leaves no space for the Harvard-Pennsylvania and Annapolis-West Point games, which were too good to be dismissed with a few lines, and will therefore be handled in the next issue.

Football scores week ending December 2d:

November 30th.—Princeton, 6; Yale, 0. Harvard, 26; University of Pennsylvania, 4. Virginia, 16; North Carolina, 0. University of Chicago, 28; Michigan, 10. Dartmouth, 22; Union, 0. Purdue, 81; De Pauw, 42. Chicago A. A., 8; Boston A. A., 4. Illinois, 10; Lake Forest, 10. Vanderbilt, 10; Sewanee, 0. Columbia A. C., 40; Georgetown University, 16. December 2d.—U. S. Naval Academy, 6; U. S. Military Academy, 4. Yale Freshmen, 30; Harvard Freshmen, 4. Vanderbilt, 12; Central, 0.

Caspar W. Whitney.



SECOND HALF.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Financial.

Letters of Credit.

Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and West Indies. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
Bankers, No. 59 Wall Street.

THE BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT

or the best addition to one's own library is WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

The New "Unabridged."

Ten years spent revising, 100 editors employed, and over $300,000 expended.

A Grand Educator
Abreast of the Times
A Library in Itself

Invaluable in the household, and to the teacher, professional man, or self-educator.

Sold by All Booksellers.

G. & C. Merriam Co.
Publishers,
Springfield, Mass.

☞ Do not buy cheap photographic reprints of ancient editions.
☞ Send for free prospectus.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

FREE A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant richly jeweled, gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any $25.00 gold watch, pay our sample price, $3.50, and it is yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you One Free. Write at once as we shall send out samples for 60 days only.

$3.50 HUNTING CASE GENTS OR LADIES SIZE 14K 14K

THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO.
334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

THE IMPROVED HOME TURKO-RUSSIAN FOLDING BATH CABINET.

Portable, and can be used in any room. Dry Steam, Vapor, Oxygen, Medicated and Perfumed Baths. Sure cure for Colds, etc. Prevents contracting disease. Insures a healthy, clear complexion, and prevents Obesity. Send for descriptive circular. MAYOR, LANE & CO., 119 Walker St., New York, manufacturers of Douches, Sprays, and Bathing Appliances.

VINO DE SALUD

WINE OF HEALTH,

As prepared by the old Moors of Granada from a recipe by the

ILLUSTRIOUS

MOHAMED BEN HASSEN

This magnificent preparation is of the purest Andalusian Wine with the most healthful herbs, and is one of the greatest aids to health and longevity. A Stomachic and Tonic for Aneamia, Malaria, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Lassitude and Weakness of the Digestive Organs.

Sold by all Grocers and Druggists.

Send for Descriptive Circular.

NEW YORK—Roche & Co., 120 Broadway & 503 Fifth Ave.
CHICAGO—A. W. Cobb & Co., 41 River Street.
BOSTON—Maynard & Child, 102 State Street.

SOLE PROPRIETORS,

W. C. BEVAN & CO. Malaga (Spain)

The Germania Wine Cellars,
HAMMONDSPORT AND RHEIMS, N. Y.,

EXCELSIOR AND IMPERIAL SEC CHAMPAGNES

Are acknowledged to be the best brands of Champagne produced in America, and compare favorably with the best European vintages.

Correspondence Solicited.

MAGIC LANTERNS WANTED AND FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.
HARBACH & CO. 809 Filbert St. Phila. Pa.

THE JUDGES Of the WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

Have made the

HIGHEST AWARDS

(Medals and Diplomas) to

WALTER BAKER & CO.

On each of the following named articles:

- BREAKFAST COCOA, ...
- Premium No. 1, Chocolate, . . .
- Vanilla Chocolate, ...
- German Sweet Chocolate, ...
- Cocoa Butter. . . . .

For "purity of material," "excellent flavor," and "uniform, even composition."

WALTER BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.

A DELICIOUS REMEDY FOR ALL FORMS OF INDIGESTION.

Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it cannot be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to

BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 19 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
CAUTION—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.
ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.

DIXON'S AMERICAN GRAPHITE PENCILS

Are unequaled for smooth, tough points.
Samples worth double the money for 16c.
Jos. Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J.
Mention *Harper's Weekly.*

Rae's Lucca Oil The Perfection - - - - of Olive Oil.

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE BY

S. Rae

LEGHORN, ITALY. Established 1836.

ESTERBROOK'S PENS
26 JOHN ST., N. Y.
THE BEST MADE.

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER

Thoroughly cleanses the teeth and purifies the breath. Absolutely pure and harmless. Put up in metal boxes with Patent Extension Measuring Tube. Price, 25c.

AN ELEGANT TOILET LUXURY.

Very Convenient for Tourists.

Sold by all Dealers or mailed on receipt of price. Address Dr. I. W. LYON, 88 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

EAU DE Cologne REGINA

GELLÉ FRÈRES
6, Avenue de l'Opéra, 6
PARIS

For sale at PARK & TILFORD'S and all leading houses.

THE DRUM IN POSITION

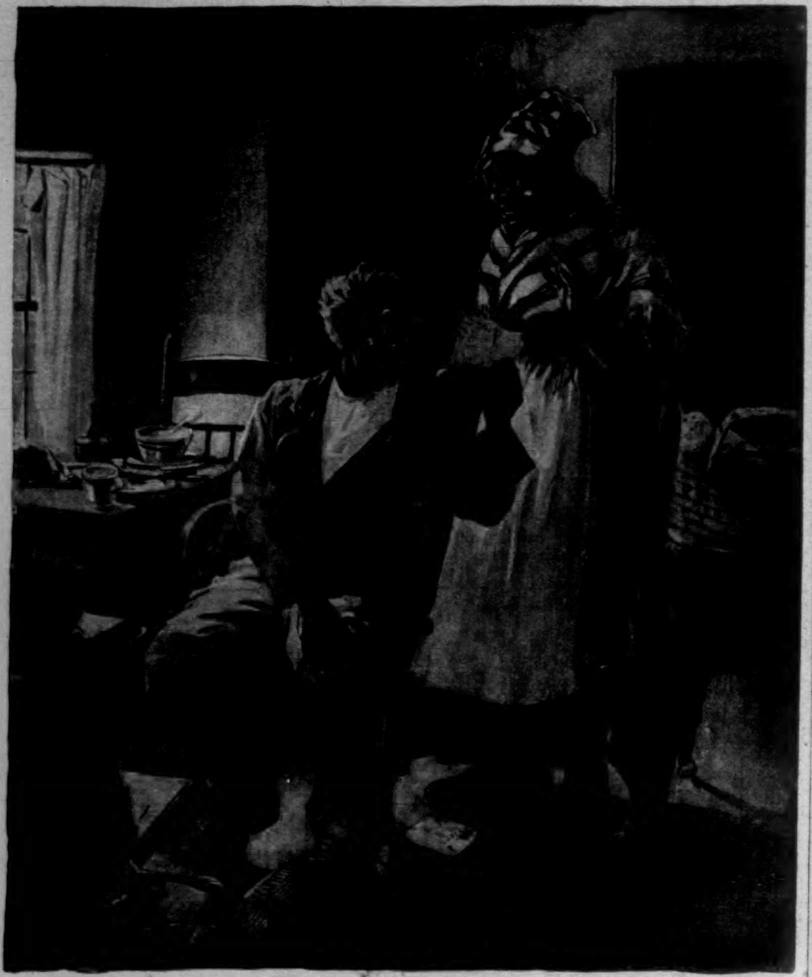
DEAFNESS

Relieved by science. The greatest invention of the age. Wilson's common-sense ear drums; simple, practical, comfortable, safe, and invisible. No string or wire attachment. Try them and you will discard all others. *Send for Pamphlets.*

WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,
Louisville, Ky.

George Washington took great delight in drinking Marie Brizard & Roger Anisette with General Lafayette at his home in Mt. Vernon. For sale everywhere. T. W. Stemmler, Union Square, New York.

SHORTHAND, Bookkeeping and Spanish taught by Mail. W. G. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y.



A SURE SIGN.

"Glory, Tildy, hyars a letter f'um Sammie at lass! Well, well, well."
"What he say?"
"I dunno. I kain't read it."
"How you know dat hits f'um Sammie?"
"I reckonnize de blots."

"GENUINE only with the signature of Justus von Liebig in blue ink across the label, thus:"

"J. v. Liebig"

It is almost unnecessary to add that this refers to the world-known

Liebig COMPANY'S

Extract of Beef.

For delicious, refreshing Beef Tea.
For improved and economic cookery.

Grand Central Station in the centre of New York City.

The Hudson River for one hundred and fifty miles.

The beautiful Mohawk Valley in which are some of the finest landscapes in America.

Niagara Falls — the world's greatest cataract.

The Adirondack Mountains — "the Nation's pleasure-ground and Sanitarium."

The Empire State Express — fastest train in the world.

The Thousand Islands — the fisherman's paradise.

The New York and Chicago Limited — the most luxurious train in the world.

Are a few of the many attractions offered the public by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL,

"America's Greatest Railroad."

TRADE E. & W. MARK
EARL & WILSON'S
LINEN
COLLARS & CUFFS
BEST IN THE WORLD

STEINWAY

The Standard Pianos of the World!

The Largest Establishment in Existence.

Warerooms: Steinway Hall, New York.

5
WORLD'S FAIR MEDALS
Were awarded to the makers of
RAMBLER BICYCLES
For various points of excellence, the
HIGHEST AWARD ON BICYCLES.
All about RAMBLERS in our fine Catalogue. Free at all Rambler Agencies, or sent direct for two 2-cent stamps.
GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.,
Chicago. Boston. Washington. New York.

Arnold Constable & Co

Winter Underwear

CARTWRIGHT & WARNER'S

Celebrated Goods. Ladies' and Children's Natural Wool, Merino, and Silk-and-Wool Underwear.
Ladies' and Children's Combination Suits.
Men's Underwear. Wool, Merino, Silk-and-Wool, Camel's-Hair, and All-Silk

HOSIERY.

Ladies' All-Wool, Merino, Cashmere, Camel's-Hair, and Silk Hose. Men's Cashmere Silk Hose, and Half-Hose. Children's Hose, Cotton, Wool, Merino, and Silk Hose, Plain and Ribbed.

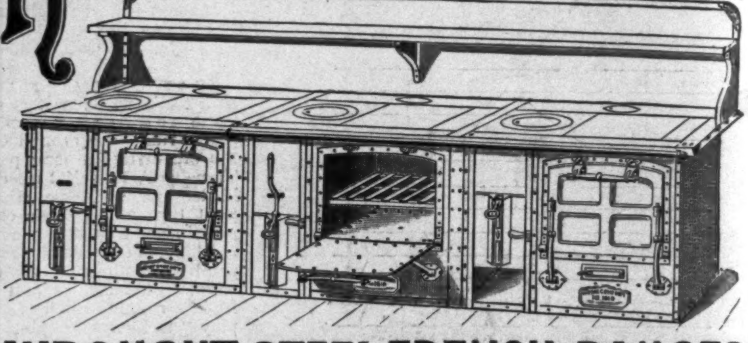
COLORS WARRANTED FAST.

Broadway & 19th st.

NEW YORK CITY.

THE INTER-STATE CASUALTY COMPANY
CAPITAL AND ASSETS $225,000.
NEW FEATURES. TONTINE POLICIES.
ACCIDENT INSURANCE
AGAINST TOTAL DISABILITY, PARTIAL DISABILITY OR DEATH AT HOME OR ABROAD.
WOMEN INSURED. AGENTS WANTED.
DAILY, MONTHLY, YEARLY.
62 & 64 WILLIAM ST NEW YORK

Good morning
Have you used
PEARS' SOAP?



HOME COMFORT

WROUGHT STEEL FRENCH RANGES
MADE ANY LENGTH DESIRED.
HOTEL KITCHEN OUTFITTING A SPECIALTY.
WROUGHT IRON RANGE COMPANY,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Branch Factory: **TORONTO, ONTARIO, CAN.**
FAMILY RANGES No. 64 and No. 65 ARE SOLD ONLY FROM COMPANY'S WAGONS BY THEIR TRAVELLING SALESMEN.
Founded 1864. **Paid up Capital, $1,000,000.**
258,460 Home Comfort Ranges Sold to January 1st, 1893.

The North German Lloyd S. S. Co.
MEDITERRANEAN LINE.
S. S. **WERRA, FULDA,** and **KAISER W. II.,** from **N. Y.** to **Gibraltar** and **Genoa.**
Dec. 9, Dec. 30, 1893, Jan. 6, Jan. 16, Jan. 27, Feb. 10, Feb. 17, Mch. 3, 1894.
OELRICHS & CO., 2 Bowling Green, NEW YORK.

James Russell Lowell.

LETTERS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Edited by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. With Three Photogravure Portraits. pp. xiv., 882. Two Volumes. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $8 00; Half Calf, $12 50. (*In a Box.*)

This judicious and delightful selection from his correspondence shows Lowell to have been not less gifted as a letter-writer than he was as a man of letters, as a talker, and as a public speaker. Indeed, his peculiar genius, so shrewd, so playful, so humorous, and so humane, shines forth in his familiar letters even more brightly, perhaps, than in his published works. Mr. Norton has striven not unsuccessfully to make his selection assume an autobiographical character. . . . These letters are full of the most delightful and stimulating reflections on men and affairs, on books and on nature, expressed in a manner which is simply the perfection of familiar correspondence. The world has long known that Lowell was one of the most fascinating companions and one of the most accomplished men of letters of his time. It will know in future what those who were privileged to be his correspondents must long ago have recognized, that to his consummate skill in the difficult arts of public speaking and private talking he added the still rarer gift of a genius for familiar correspondence.—*London Times.*

Every page is a piece of literature, and seldom do we find one that does not sparkle with wisdom, generosity, and humor. . . . We are sure the reader will keep the volumes for days or weeks as regular companions at home, and that he will derive from them an intellectual pleasure as enduring as any he ever experienced. . . . There, joined in one, we have Lowell, the man of learning, and Lowell, the man with sound and spacious heart.—*N. Y. Times.*

Great as has been the interest with which these volumes have been awaited on both sides of the Atlantic, . . . much as was expected, there will be no disappointment. . . . Now all the world may feel assured that Mr. Lowell was genuinely the man he seemed to be, not only to his comparatively few intimates, but to his positively immense acquaintance. . . . Although Lowell by no means wore his heart on his sleeve, it is hardly conceivable that either friend or casual acquaintance of his should find in these volumes anything which could jar on his previous estimate of the man. — *Athenæum*, London.

They sparkle with wit, they provoke humorous smiles, and they touch upon whatever interested him, at home and abroad—the books that he read at Elmwood, his saunterings with his friend Stillman in the Adirondacks, his wanderings in the storied cities of Italy and in London. . . . He was the prince of letter-writers. . . . Volumes which all students of American literature ought to read, and will read, with pleasure.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

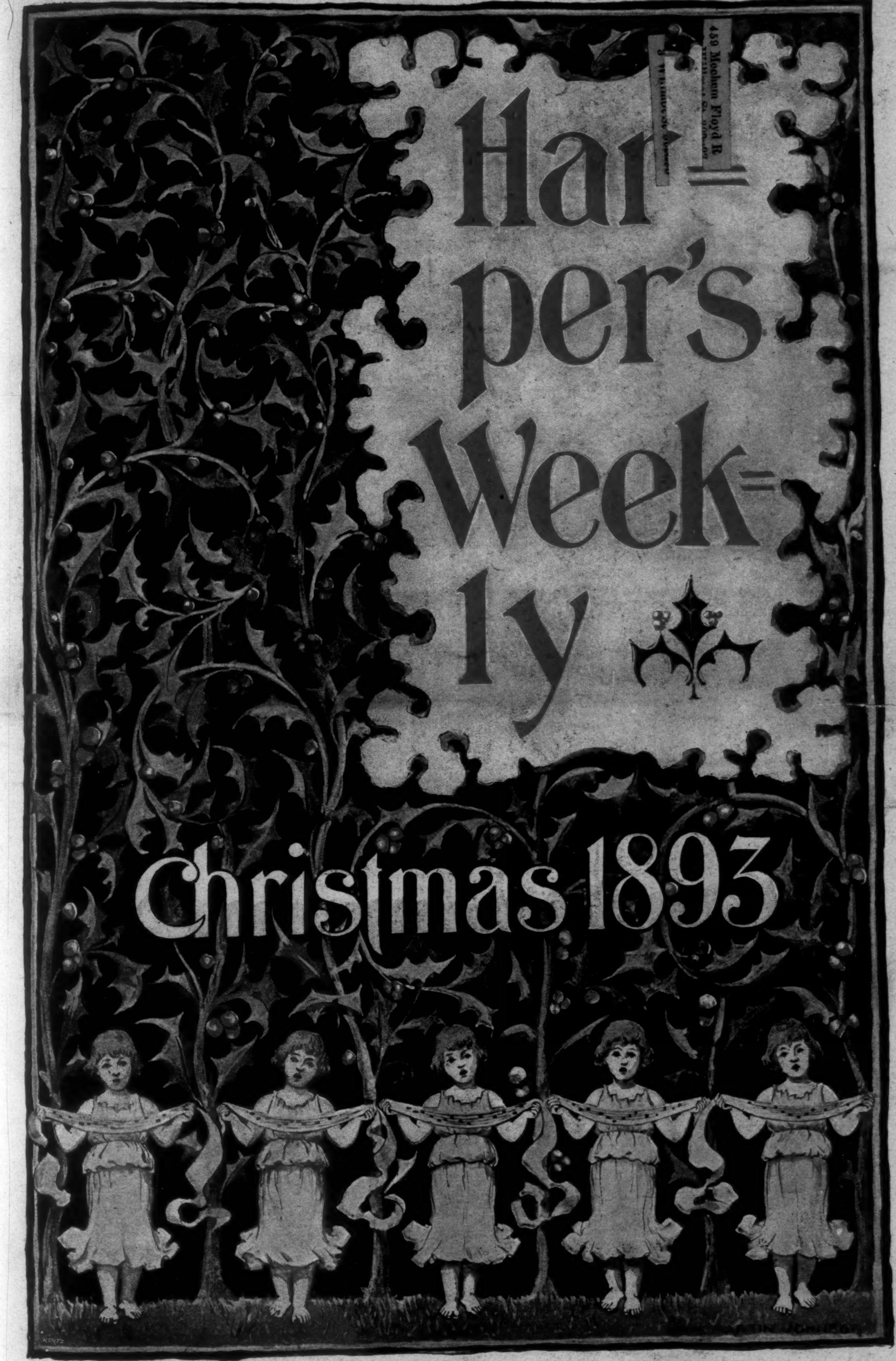
Better than a biography. . . . Mr. Norton's two volumes could not fail to be interesting, and very interesting they are. — *Speaker*, London.

It is not once in a decade that the reviewer has before him such a book. . . . No more delightful letter-writer than Lowell ever held pen, and no letters could be edited with more care and discretion than Professor Norton has given to these. . . . The letters begin from the age of ten, and cover the years down to the very last of Lowell's life, and are so full and so well arranged that they make a unique and delightful autobiography.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The letters are full of delightful surprises, witty expressions, references to interesting things or persons, and descriptions of his life abroad and at Cambridge. . . . They furnish the materials for an unusually accurate and careful estimate of Mr. Lowell's career. — *Boston Herald.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *The above work is for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of the price.*


Harper's Weekly
Christmas 1893
439 Mechem Floyd R